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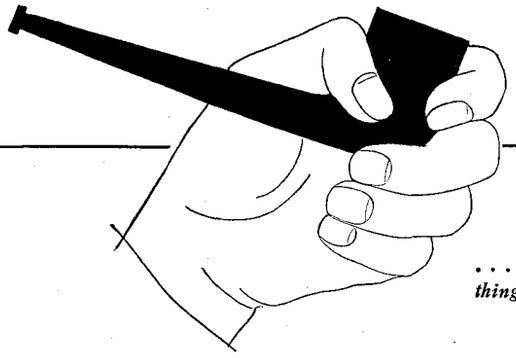

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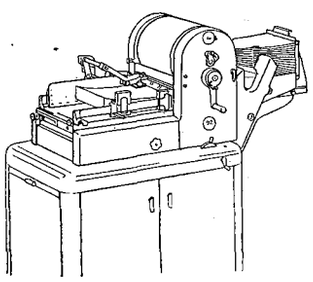

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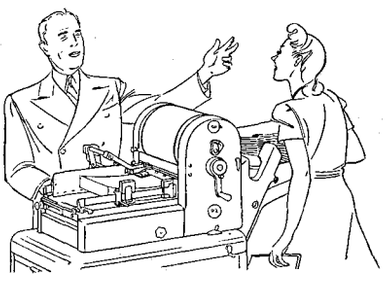

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**KIND LADY**—Grace George in a revival of the melodrama which she introduced on Broadway in 1935. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

**LIFE WITH FATHER**—The late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, adapted for the stage by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Not quite as lifelike as the book, but very funny and satisfactory anyway. Stanley Ridges and Dorothy Gish are filling in as Father and Mother until Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney return on Mon., Sept. 9. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER**—A rather malicious and very witty comedy about an old New York *Times* dramatic critic, by his friends Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is almost perfect in the principal rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

**THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT**—Robert E. Sherwood's play is scheduled to reopen on Mon., Sept. 9. The Lunts will continue to head the cast, which includes Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**TOBACCO ROAD**—They still claim they're going to close this at any moment. Will Geer plays Jeeter Lester. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

### WITH MUSIC

**DU BARRY WAS A LADY**—A big and bawdy but funny show, with Bert Lahr and music by Cole Porter. Betty Allen now plays Ethel Merman's part. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**HELLZ-A-POPPIN**—Nice rough-and-tumble assortment of vaudeville acts, insanely led by Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**LOUISIANA PURCHASE**—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. One of the year's best musical comedies, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

**JUPITER LAUGHS**—Jessica Tandy and Reginald Mason in a new play by A. J. Cronin. Opens Mon., Sept. 9. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS**—Al Jolson, Martha Raye, and Jack Whiting in a new musical comedy. Opens Wed., Sept. 11. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

### MISCELLANY

**SIM SALA BIM**—Described as a sort of variety show, with magic and mystery, girls and music worked into a series of skits. Opens Mon., Sept. 9. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, including Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

### SUMMER STOCK

**CAMBRIDGE**—Ann Corio in "White Cargo": through Sat., Sept. 7. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat.)

**CEDARHURST**—"Stage Door": through Sat., Sept. 7. (Cedarhurst Playhouse, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:45. Mat. 2:45, Sat.)

**FITCHBURG**—Ruth Chatterton in "Private Lives": through Sat., Sept. 7. (Lake Whalom Theatre, Fitchburg, Mass. 8:20. Mat. 2:20, Sat.)

**GUILFORD**—Ruth Gordon in "Here Today": through Sat., Sept. 7. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45.)

**IVORYTON**—Bert Wheeler in "A Policeman's Lot," a new comedy by Sol Heller: through Sat., Sept. 7. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Fri.)

**MAPLEWOOD**—Joe E. Brown in "Elmer the Great": through Sat., Sept. 7. Jack Haley in "The Milky Way": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 9-14. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**NEW HOPE**—"Something About a Soldier," a new play by William Saroyan: through Sat., Sept. 7. Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 9-14. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**OGUNQUIT**—Sinclair Lewis in "Ah, Wilderness!": through Sat., Sept. 7. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Fri.)

**ORWIGSBURG**—Ramon Novarro in "The Command to Love": through Sat., Sept. 7. Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 9-14. (Kenley Deer Lake Theatre, Orwigsburg, Pa. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

**PORTLAND**—Ruth Chatterton in "Private Lives": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 9-14. (Civic Theatre, Portland, Me. 8:20. Mats. 2:20, Wed., Fri., and Sat.)

**ROSLYN**—"The Hero of the World," a new play by William Saroyan: through Sat., Sept. 7. "Wooden Nickels," a new comedy by Richard Brooks: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 9-14. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

**SKOWHEGAN**—"The Show-Off": through Sat., Sept. 7. "In Love with Love": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 9-14. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

**STOCKBRIDGE**—"In My Opinion," a new play by Samson Raphaelson: through Sat., Sept. 7. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mat. 2:30, Sat.)

**WESTBORO**—Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": through Sat., Sept. 7. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30.)

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.**

## DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE


| | Page |
|---|---|
| BOOKS | 55 |
| THE CURRENT CINEMA | 49 |
| LETTER FROM LONDON | 47 |
| MUSICAL EVENTS | |
| CONCERT RECORDS | 53 |
| ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: | |
| HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS LETTER | 40 |
| FEMININE FASHIONS | 41 |
| MARKETS AND MENUS | 44 |
| THE RACE TRACK | 37 |
| A REPORTER AT LARGE | 31 |
| TEE AND GREEN | 50 |



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## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

**AMBASSADOR GARDEN**, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has an agreeable under-the-greenwood air all the same. Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dancing.

**BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Dinner dancing on the Roof to the music of Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

**COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—A small spot, and a nice one, with the Tisdale Trio and Nicki Raymond's orchestra.

**LARUE**, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—This pleasant place has just reopened, with Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

**MONTPARNASSE**, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—Not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. A quintet plays for dancing.

**PIERRE**, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things in the Café, where Bob Knight's orchestra plays.

**RAINBOW ROOM**, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Radio City's aerial nook has Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show which includes Monna Montes and José Fernandez. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra continues to play in the Rainbow Grill.

**ST. REGIS**, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, those young pianists, are on the Viennese Roof. Hal Saunders' orchestra plays. Must dress if you want to dance.

**SAVOY-PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Buckmaster, who is doing monologues at the supper hour in the Café Lounge, will be replaced by Hildegarde on Thurs., Sept. 12. Emile Petti's orchestra will stay on.

**STORK CLUB**, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Charlie Wright's orchestra and a rumba band.

**VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra will be replaced by Maximillian Bergère's on Thurs., Sept. 12. Panchito's rumba band will remain.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra will replace Xavier Cugat's on the Starlight Roof on Fri., Sept. 6. Mischa Borr's orchestra will continue to be around at the supper hour.

**MISCELLANEOUS**—At **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): the former head lady at Tony's finally has a place of her own in which to sing those songs. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below. No dancing. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Ina Ray Hutton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA ROOF**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Russ Morgan's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the harbor is fine when you get there; Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio and, except Mon., some Calypso singers.

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**BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE**—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show. . . . **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a South Sea setting, with the emphasis all on Zombies; Sonny Kendis's orchestra, except Mon. . . . **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a rumba band and a Latin show. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack

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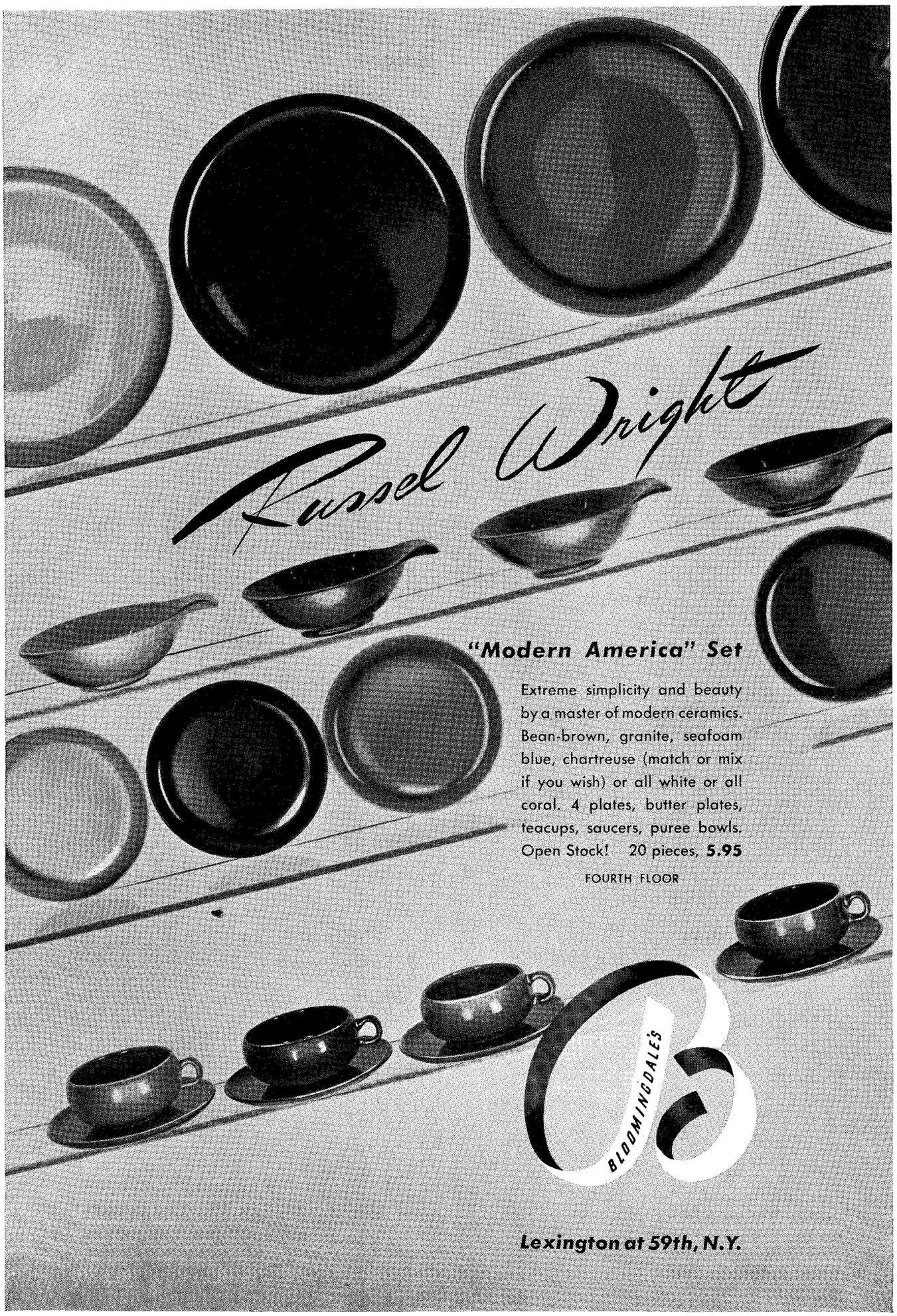
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction.

AL-FRESCO DINING—With dancing: CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr., at 124 (MO 2-8600). . . . Without dancing: CHATHAM WALK, Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); PAVILLON MARGUERY, 270 Park, at 47 (WI 2-9000); and the JAPANESE GARDEN of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600).

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is there, too, with her harp. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Teddy Wilson's band, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Joe Sullivan, Eddie Condon, and Pee Wee Russell are some of the boys in the co-operative band here.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

## OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—Ben Riley's ARROWHEAD INN, Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . Ben Marden's RIVIERA, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman, and Joe E. Lewis. . . . WESTCHESTER BATH CLUB, 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Jack Towne's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): George Sterney's orchestra. . . . MEADOWBROOK, on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Joe Venuti's orchestra (to be replaced by Glen Gray's in Tues., Sept. 10). Closed Mon.

FURTHER OUT OF TOWN—At NEW PROSPECT HOTEL, Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): Charley Wood's orchestra. . . . SEVEN PONDS INN, Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): a sextet plays for dancing, nightly except Tues. . . . GUIDO'S SAPPHIRE ROOM, Monmouth County C.C., Eatontown, N.J. (Eatontown 95): Bentley Nason's orchestra. Closed Mon. . . . The Spanish Grill of the MONMOUTH HOTEL, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra. . . . PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . ROSS FENTON FARM, Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Eddie Oliver's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . SEA BRIGHT YACHT CLUB, on Route 36, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Ray Morton's orchestra.

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DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Places to dine (usually without dancing) while motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . BROOKHAVEN, L.I.: Brook House (Bellport 394). . . . HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . OAKDALE, L.I.: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm, on Jericho Turnpike (Syosset 1749). . . . WESTHAMPTON, L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . . AMAWALK, N.Y.: Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown 984). . . . COLD SPRING, N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975). . . . DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drover's Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781). . . . HAWTHORNE, N.Y.: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . . MT. KISCO, N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . NEW CITY, N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981). . . . POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371), and Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . . SLOATSBURG, N.Y.: Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245). . . . BRIDGEWATER, CONN.: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . . REDDING RIDGE, CONN.: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. . . . SOUTHPORT, CONN.: Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330), dancing Sat. Eves.; and Red Barn, off Merritt P'kway (Westport 3971). . . . ALPINE, N.J.: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . . BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . . DOYLESTOWN, PA.: Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

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## ART

AMERICANS IN HOLLYWOOD—An exhibition of pictures painted by nine native artists, including Benton, Biddle, and Wood, in connection with the filming of the O'Neill play "The Long Voyage Home": Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 9.

CATLIN—Carefully documented pictures by this nineteenth-century painter of Indian life; also, selected works by other Americans: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 6.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Thurs., 2 to 4 P.M.; Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

FRENCH—An exhibition of Matisses, Picassos, Derains, and so on—most of them good ones: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

GROUPS—At the MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings by fifteen contemporary Americans, including Leon Kroll and Maurice Sterne. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 28. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 W. 57: paintings by Csoka, Corbino, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 7. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: Guy and Yvonne Pène du Bois, Bouché, and Schnakenberg, among other modern Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 13.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. A new fresco by Orozco is on view. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—A comprehensive showing of paintings, sculptures, and prints by contemporary Brazilian, Dominican, Ecuadorian, Mexican, and Venezuelan artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 20.

HERE AND THERE—At the MAYER, 41 E. 57: British and American water colors and prints. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 28. . . . ARTISTS', 113 W. 13: paintings and sculptures by members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 2 A.M. to 7 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 23.

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JOSEPH CHARLES DEY, JR.,

*who, as executive secretary of the U. S. Golf Association, will be in charge of the hundred and fifty contestants who will tee off at Winged Foot for the forty-fourth Amateur Championship. He's the man people call up, or write to, about tricky decisions and interpretations of rules—gets around three hundred letters a year, and countless telephone calls.*

## MUSIC

OUT OF TOWN—Gordon String Quartet: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sats., Sept. 7 and 14, at 3:30 P.M. (soloist, Spalding), and Sun., Sept. 8, at 4 P.M. . . . Yaddo Concerts: Saratoga Springs, Sat., Sept. 7, at 3 and 8:15 P.M., and Sun., Sept. 8, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

## SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Boston, Thurs. Aft., Sept. 5 (doubleheader), at 1:45. Giants vs. Dodgers, Sat. Aft., Sept. 7, at 3; Sun. Aft., Sept. 8 (doubleheader), at 2; Mon. Aft., Sept. 9, at 3:15. Giants vs. St. Louis, Tues. and Wed. Afts., Sept. 10-11, at 3:15. Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Sept. 12-13, at 3:15; Sat. Aft., Sept. 14, at 3. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Tues. and Wed. Afts., Sept. 10-11, at 3. Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Sept. 12-13, at 3; Sat. Aft., Sept. 14, at 2:30.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Billy Conn vs. Bob Pastor, heavyweights, Fri. Eve., Sept. 6; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10. . . . Steve Belloise vs. Ceferino Garcia, middleweights, Thurs. Eve., Sept. 12; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (10 rounds) at about 10.

DOG SHOWS—Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, Sat., Sept. 7, at 9 A.M. . . . Bridgewater Kennel Club, Bridgewater, Mass., Sat., Sept. 7, at 10 A.M. . . . Westchester Kennel Club, Rye, Sun., Sept. 8, at 9 A.M. . . . Devon, Pa., Sat., Sept. 14, at 9 A.M.

GOLF—Westchester Open, Mount Vernon C.C., Tuckahoe, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 5-6. . . . Women's New Jersey State Championship, Crestmont G.C., West Orange, Mon. through Fri., Sept. 9-13. . . . National Amateur Championship, Winged Foot G.C., Mamaroneck, Mon. through Sat., Sept. 9-14. . . . Mixed Foursomes, Women's National Golf and Tennis Club, Glen Head, L.I., Fri. through Sun., Sept. 13-15.

HORSE SHOWS—Genesee Valley Breeders' Association, Avon, N.Y., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 6-7, at 1 P.M. . . . Cecil County Breeders, Fair Hill, Md., Fri., Sept. 6, at 10:30 A.M., and Sat., Sept. 7, at 3:45 P.M. . . . Helping Hand, Old Westbury, Sun., Sept. 8, at 9 A.M. . . . Brockton, Mass., Tues. through Fri., Sept. 10-13, at 2 P.M.

HUNT RACE—Foxcatcher Hounds, Fair Hill, Md., Sat. Aft., Sept. 7, at 3:45.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club, Westbury: high-goal play, Thurs., Sept. 5, at 5:30 P.M.; National Open Championship, Sat., Sun., Wed., and Sun., Sept. 7, 8, 11, and 15, at 3:30 P.M.; Monty Waterbury Memorial Cup Tournament starting Sat., Sept. 14, at 3:30 P.M.

RACING—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 2:15 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 21. The Edgemere Handicap, Sept. 14. (Frequent special trains leave Penn. Station between 12:25 and 1:45 P.M.)

TENNIS—National Singles, West Side T.C., Forest Hills, daily, probably through Sun., Sept. 8.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, weekdays at 8 P.M., weather permitting; through Sat., Sept. 28. (Special trains leave Penn. Station at 6:55 P.M. on racing days.)

YACHTING—Women's National Championships, Adams Cup, Point o' Woods Y.C., Point o' Woods, L.I., daily through Fri., Sept. 6.

Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Manhasset Bay Y.C., Sat., Sept. 7; Indian Harbor Y.C., Sat., Sept. 14.

## OTHER EVENTS

BENEFIT—The British War Relief Society is sponsoring a dinner and roller-skating party, with Sonja Henie, Tallulah Bankhead, and John Buckmaster scheduled to perform, at the opening of the Rockefeller Center Rink: Wed. Eve., Sept. 11, at 7. For tickets, call PL 5-6525.

FLOWER SHOW—The Westchester County Association's annual exhibition: County Center, White Plains, Wed., Sept. 11, at 2 P.M., and Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 12-14, at 10 A.M.

## ON THE AIR

BOXING—Billy Conn vs. Bob Pastor: Fri. Eve., Sept. 6, at 10, WJZ. . . . Ceferino Garcia vs. Steve Belloise: Thurs. Eve., Sept. 12, at 10, WJZ.

HUNT RACE—Foxcatcher Hounds, at Fair Hill, Md.: Sat. Aft., Sept. 7, at 4:30, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, and Wed. and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, WOR. . . Quincy Howe,

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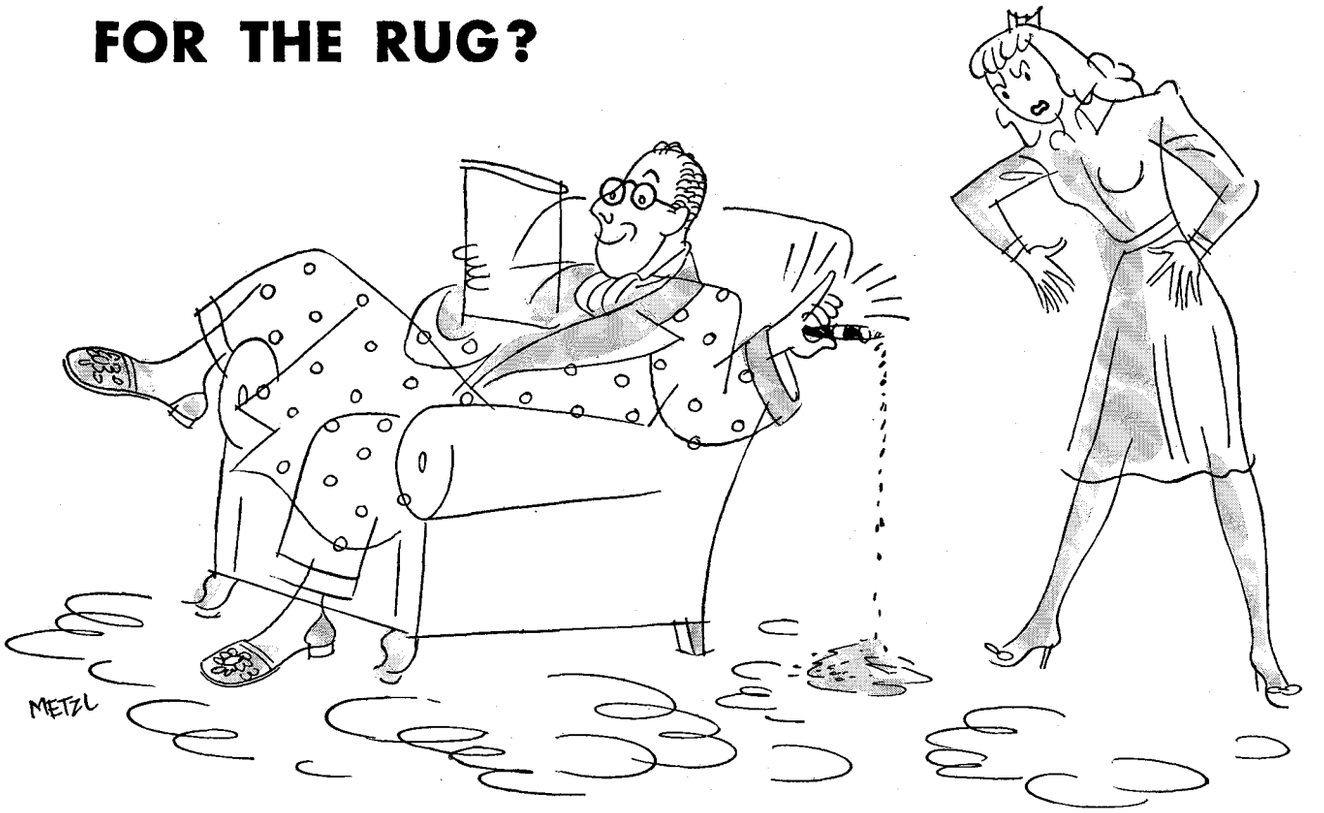
# ARE ASHES REALLY GOOD FOR THE RUG?




There's something symbolic about this picture of Uncle Ebenezer reading a detective story. It's symbolic of the inability of mankind to think of more than one thing at a time.

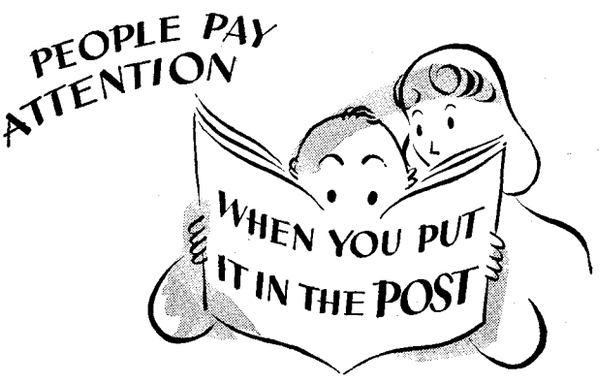
Any time you see him with a cigar ash about to drop on Aunt Matilda's best broadloom—you know his mind is on something else.

We're all that way. There just isn't room in our mortal minds for more than one thing at once. That's why shrewd advertisers are so careful not to flash the old sales story at Uncle Ebenezer or Aunt Matilda when their minds are full of other things. Else—sure as shootin'—that sales story will be as neglected as Uncle Ebenezer's cigar ash.

These same advertisers—the "first families" in American business—have found a way to expose their wares at a time and in a place where people are ready, even eager, to look and listen.

What time? What place? Ask America, as so many research organizations have done, "In what one magazine do you pay the most attention to advertising?" Back comes the same answer every time:

Successful advertisers concentrate in the POST, where people concentrate on advertising.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR.... Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:30 P.M., WABC; Tues. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, WJZ.

FREQUENCY MODULATION—The new "staticless-radio" programs are being broadcast by the following stations: W2XOR, daily from 9 A.M. to midnight; W2XWG, Mon. through Fri., from 3 to 11 P.M.; W2XMN, weekdays from 4 to 11 P.M.; and W2XQR, daily from 5 to 10 P.M.

## MOTION PICTURES

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO—A handsome film version of Rachel Field's best-selling novel of passion and murder and high life too. With Bette Davis and Charles Boyer. (Colonial, B'way at 62; through Mon., Sept. 9.... Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 10-12.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 11-12.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Wed., Sept. 11.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Beacon, B'way at 75; starting Thurs., Sept. 12.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—A Rabelaisian and droll French film of peasant life. With Raimu. (World, 153 W. 49.)

BOOM TOWN—Just Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, and such types in a routine but big affair about the oil wells of Oklahoma. (Capitol, B'way at 51; opening Thurs., Sept. 5.)

DISNEY FESTIVAL—A reshowing of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and four shorts. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Sun., Sept. 8.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT—A beautiful thriller for the true thriller-lover. Europe, the war, spies, transatlantic planes, blackouts, and Alfred Hitchcock's direction. With Joel McCrea and many an expert. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

THE GHOST BREAKERS—Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope in another of those scary ones, like "The Cat and the Canary," that also have a lot of laughs. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 7.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sun., Sept. 8.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 7-9.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Sat., Sept. 14.)

GONE WITH THE WIND—You'd better hurry along and give up a night to it. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

THE MAN I MARRIED—A well-paced, if gloomy, tale of Germany in 1938. With Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 11-13.... Carlton, B'way at 100; starting Sat., Sept. 14.)

THE MORTAL STORM—Of a German family in 1933, and how events changed the lives of all its members. Powerful and not overdone. With Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Robert Young, and Frank Morgan. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Sept. 7.... Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., Sept. 9.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 7-9.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; starting Fri., Sept. 13.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE—Airy nonsense about a wife who disappears for seven years and then comes back home. With Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 10-11.)

OUR TOWN—Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, and especially Frank Craven in an expert adaptation of Thornton Wilder's play. What small-town life means in New Hampshire. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Sept. 9.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon. through Wed., Sept. 9-11.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Sept. 10-14.)

QUEEN OF DESTINY—A rich Technicolor pageant, formerly called "Sixty Glorious Years," with Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria and Anton Walbrook as her consort. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 7-10.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 10-11.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 11-13.... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 12-13.)

THE RETURN OF FRANK JAMES—Fritz Lang comes through with a well-directed blood-and-thunder yarn starring Henry Fonda. Recommended. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., Sept. 9.... Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Sept. 11.)

SUSAN AND GOD—Joan Crawford and Fredric March in Rachel Crothers' satire on the lady of fashion who gets religion. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 7-10.... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 10-11.... Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Fri., Sept. 10-13.... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 12-14.

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.**

... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; starting Sat., Sept. 14.)

WHEN THE DALTONS RODE—All the shooting you could reasonably ask for, in a tale about the four Kansas boys who went wrong and robbed banks. Kay Francis, Randolph Scott, and Broderick Crawford. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Sept. 9.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Sept. 10-14.)

## REVIVALS

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 10-11.)

CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT (1935)—French, with Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 5.)

ESCAPE ME NEVER (1935)—With Elisabeth Bergner. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 12-14.)

FIFTH AVENUE GIRL (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Walter Connolly. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 8-9.)

GENERALS WITHOUT BUTTONS (1938)—French film. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Thurs., Sept. 6-12.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—French, with Jean Gabin and Eric von Stroheim. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 5.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 10-11.)

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON (1936)—Ida Lupino and Francis Lederer. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 10-11.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 6-8.... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 10-11.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 10-12.)

SECRET AGENT (1936)—Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, and Peter Lorre. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 6.)

STAGECOACH (1939)—Claire Trevor and John Wayne. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Sat., Sept. 14.)

THAT THEY MAY LIVE (1939)—French, with Victor Francen. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Thurs., Sept. 6-12.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Sept. 9-11.)

THE YOUNG IN HEART (1938)—Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 10-12.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "The Strong Man," with Harry Langdon, and "The Professional Patient," with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Thurs., Sept. 5. "The Freshman" and "High and Dizzy," both with Harold Lloyd, Fri., Sept. 6. "Grandma's Boy," with Harold Lloyd, and "Sherlock Jr.," with Buster Keaton, Sat., Sept. 7. "Doubling for Romeo," with Will Rogers and Raymond Hatton, and "Goodness Gracious," with Clara Kimball Young and Sidney Drew, Sun., Sept. 8. "His Majesty the American," with Douglas Fairbanks, Mon., Sept. 9. Five Mack Sennett films, 1910-1916, Tues., Sept. 10. "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, and "Stenographer Wanted," with Flora Finch and John Bunny, Wed., Sept. 11. Five 1914 Chaplin films, Thurs., Sept. 12. Four 1915 Chaplin films, Fri., Sept. 13. Four 1916 Chaplin films, Sat., Sept. 14.

## COMING EVENTS

(A selective list published in the first issue of each month for the convenience of foresighted readers.)

AUTO SHOW—Grand Central Palace, Oct. 12-20.

BASEBALL—The World Series starts the first week in October.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Al Davis vs. Tony Marteliano, welterweights, Sept. 20.

CAT SHOW—At the World's Fair, Sept. 27-28.

DOG SHOWS—Somerset Hills Kennel Club, Far Hills, N.J., Sept. 21.... Suffolk County Kennel Club, Huntington, Sept. 28.... Westbury Kennel Association, Westbury, Sept 29.

FOOTBALL—On OCT. 12: Army vs. Cornell, at West Point; Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover; Princeton vs. Navy, at Princeton.... OCT. 19: Harvard vs. Army, at Cambridge; Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven; Columbia vs. Georgia, at Baker Field.... OCT. 26: Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge; Columbia vs. Syracuse, at Baker Field.... NOV. 2: Army vs. Notre Dame, at Yankee Stadium; Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge; Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca.... NOV. 9: Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton; Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Baltimore; Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven.... NOV. 16: Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover; Columbia vs. Navy, at Baker Field; Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton.... NOV. 23: Princeton vs. Army, at Princeton; Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.... NOV. 30: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia; N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, at Yankee Stadium.

GOLF—New Jersey State Amateur Best-Ball Championship, Montclair, Sept. 20-22.... Invitation Tournament, Garden City, L.I., Sept. 27-29.... Invitation Tournament, West Orange, N.J., Sept. 28-29.

HORSE SHOWS—Pocantico Hills, North Tarrytown, Sept. 22.... Bryn Mawr, Pa., Sept. 25-28.... Montclair, N.J., Sept. 27-28.... Brookville, L.I., Sept. 29.... Piping Rock, Locust Valley, Oct. 2-5.... Sleepy Hollow C.C., Scarborough-on-Hudson, Oct. 19-20.... Inter-American, Chevy Chase, Md., Oct. 24-27.... National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden, tentatively, Nov. 7-13.

HUNT RACES—Whitemarsh Valley, Flourtown, Pa., Sept. 21.... Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, Westbury, Sept. 28.... Huntingdon Valley, Jenkintown, Pa., Oct. 5.... Rolling Rock, Ligonier, Pa., Oct. 9 and 12.... Rose Tree, Media, Pa., Oct. 16 and 19.... Monmouth County, Red Bank, N.J., Oct. 19.... Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N.J., Oct. 23 and 26.

MUSIC—Carnegie Hall: All-American Youth Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Sept. 18. Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, season starts Oct. 10. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Oct. 15. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, season starts Nov. 21. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Nov. 23 and Dec. 28. Recitals: Robeson, Oct. 6; Anderson, Oct. 20; Rubinstein, Oct. 25; Heifetz, Oct. 30.... Metropolitan Opera, season starts Dec. 2.

RACING—Aqueduct, through Sept. 21.... Havre de Grace, Sept. 14-18.... Belmont Park, Sept. 23-Oct. 5.... Laurel, Md., Oct. 2-30.... Jamaica, Oct. 7-19.... Empire City, Oct. 21-Nov. 2.

THEATRE—Some of the productions scheduled to open this month and next are: "Old Acquaintance," a comedy by John Van Druten, with, perhaps, Jane Cowl, produced by Dwight Deere Wiman; "Hot Ice," an ice revue produced by Sonja Henie and others, possibly with Joe Cook, but without Miss Henie; "Boys and Girls Together," a revue produced and partly written by Ed Wynn, with a cast including Mr. Wynn and Jane Pickens; "Journey to Jerusalem," a play by Maxwell Anderson, staged by Elmer Rice and produced by the Playwrights' Company; "George Washington Slept Here," a comedy by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, with Ernest Truex and Ruth Weston, produced by Sam H. Harris; "The White-Haired Boy," a comedy by Beatrice Kaufman and Charles Martin, produced by Herman Shumlin; "Panama Hattie," a musical by B. G. DeSylva, Herbert Fields, and Cole Porter, with Ethel Merman and Betty Hutton, produced by Mr. DeSylva; "For the Rich They Sing," a satire by Lester White and Bud Pearson, produced by Eddie Cantor and Albert Lewis; "Little Joe," a Negro musical fantasy by Lynn Root, John La Touche, and Vernon Duke, with Ethel Waters, Todd Duncan, and Katherine Dunham.

TRACK—N.Y.A.C. Meet, Travers Island, Sept. 21.

YACHTING—Championship races on the Sound: Horseshoe Harbor Y.C., Sept. 21; Echo Bay Y.C., Sept. 28.... Stratford Shoal Race, New Rochelle Y.C., Oct. 11.

OTHER DATES—Mineola Fair, Sept. 24-28.... Danbury Fair, Oct. 6-12.... Rodeo, Madison Square Garden, Oct. 9-27.... Antiques Exposition, Hotel Commodore, Oct. 21-25.... World's Fair closes Oct. 27.... Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due Sept. 15.... Daylight Saving ends Sun., Sept. 29.... Local hunting season on ducks and geese opens Oct. 16.... Election Day is Tues., Nov. 5.... Armistice Day is Mon., Nov. 11.... Thanksgiving Day is, officially, Nov. 21.

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# WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

IF YOU THINK OF SLOANE only in terms of Eighteenth Century drawing rooms, you just don't know Sloane. Perhaps *you* wouldn't think of asking us to do an authentic gin mill playroom...but one man who knows us did. We got a fine glow from doing it...had as much fun, in fact, as does this customer setting them up for his intimates.

And that's the real Sloane. Girandoles or jiggers, Royal Sarouks at $2,500 to white pine sawdust at $2.25 a barrel. Name your pizen, pardner...we can make it!

**W & J SLOANE**

FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH, NEW YORK • WASHINGTON • SAN FRANCISCO • BEVERLY HILLS

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# THE WORLD'S FAIR

## GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area is at its best at night and keeps going until 2 A.M. . . . Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10. . . . The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

## TRANSPORTATION

**By Rail**—The L.I.R.R.: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., from Track 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. . . . INDEPENDENT SUBWAY: best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. . . . I.R.T. and B.-M.T.: Flushing trains on both lines stop at exhibit-area gate.

**By Auto**—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

**By Bus**—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15, marked "World's Fair") starts at 25th St., turns East on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

**At the Fair**—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

## ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

### MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

**Ford** (G)—Once an hour the Ballet Caravan puts on a lively skit based on Mr. Ford's success in relieving the horse of many of its duties. Movies of mass production, and a fashion show too. Some tractors parade in a field outside, and then settle down to a little serious tilling.

**Gardens on Parade** (A)—A well-arranged display of roses and other seasonal flowers. Admission, 25 cents.

**General Motors** (F)—Better tackle the Futurama on a rainy day. It's practically impossible to squeeze in when the Fair's crowded. Opens at 9 A.M.

**House of Jewels** (C)—Another exhibit that frequently has a long waiting line. Precious stones of staggering value, including what is said to be the largest pearl in the world. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

**Masterpieces of Art** (C)—About 400 canvases, representing all schools from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century, in a show that may not be quite as brilliant as last year's but still is good. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

**Railroads** (F)—Engines and other rolling stock, accompanied by Kurt Weill music, appear in a big pageant called "Railroads on Parade," put on daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents. . . . "Railroads in Action," a 30-minute show of model trains scooting here and there, is presented continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

**Telephones** (C)—Out-of-towners have the time of their lives calling up the folks back home while you unashamedly listen in.

**Trylon and Perisphere**—There they stand. Admission, 25 cents.

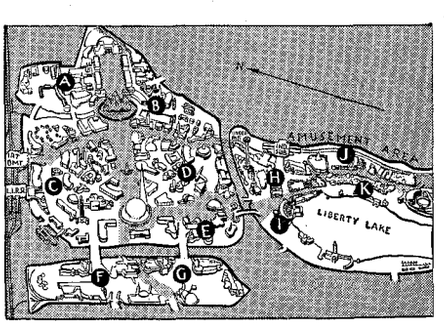
**World of Fashion** (D)—A bright array of feminine fashions includes a show, weekdays at 4:30 and 8 P.M., in which models display the latest gowns.

**Others of Interest**—At **America at Home** (C): a theatrical arrangement of model interiors, from which you may pick up some useful pointers. . . . **American Art Today** (A): prints by twenty-six Mexican artists, including Rivera and Orozco; ninety works by members of the Sculptors' Guild; and a lively WPA exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, murals, and folk art. . . . **Aviation** (G): transport and fighting planes, including the Army's Curtiss P-40, a camouflaged pursuit ship which is supposed to be able to do 400 miles an hour. . . . **Borden's** (D): cows living their modern lives on and off the Rotolactor. . . . **Chrysler** (F): an amiable talking-and-cavorting car, and a glimpse of what a rocket port might look like. . . . **Consolidated Edison** (D): a diorama of the city by day and night. . . . **du Pont** (D): demonstrations of how nylon and other synthetic wonders have come out of a test tube. . . . **Electric Utilities** (E): what a New York street was like before the town was wired for light. . . . **Electrified Farm** (A): showing how far the countryside has come from the kerosene and hand-pump days. . . . **Firestone** (G): a complete tire factory, and live animals which you're supposed to imagine are in a Liberian jungle. . . . **General Electric** (E): they whip up a scary flash of lightning for you in Steinmetz Hall and show you quieter electrical tricks in the House of Magic. . . . **Glass Center** (D): glass-blowers busy at their craft, and glass being woven into cloth. . . . **Goodrich** (F): daredevil drivers, both male and female, skidding every which way; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **Hall of Inventions** (D): actual models, mostly of nineteenth-century gadgets, culled from the collection of the Patent Office. . . . **Kodak** (D): quantities of colored photographs, many times enlarged, thrown on eleven screens at once. . . . **Petroleum** (D): a full-sized oil derrick diligently, and thus far futilely, searching for oil hundreds of feet under Flushing. . . . **R.C.A.** (C): the latest in television. . . . **Stamp Exhibit**, in the British Building (A): a collection from England honoring the stick-on stamp on its hundredth birthday. . . . **Westinghouse** (E): a drop of water magnified on a screen to reveal all the tiny creatures inhabiting it and how they can be killed by light. . . . **Zoological Wonders** (H): a playful panda, an electric eel, and a bevy of penguins.

## A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

**A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND. THIS LISTING COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.**

**Foreign Buildings**—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but among the attractive ones still open are those of Great Britain, France, Poland, Finland, Brazil, and Italy. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. Many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.




**State Exhibits**—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an inviting beach on the lake front and an inviting interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.

### THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

**American Jubilee** (K)—The Fair's own patriotic pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Joe Jackson wrestles with his bicycle, and the songs are by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

**Aquacade** (I)—Billy Rose's great big water spectacle, with Eleanor Holm, Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

**Gay New Orleans** (H)—An enormous place, with bars, restaurants, and so on, and, in the centre of things, a stage where Hassard Short's elaborate white and colored revues follow one another in enjoyable and almost never-ending succession.

**The Streets of Paris** (H)—Willie and Eugene Howard have joined Gypsy Rose Lee in this shortened version of last year's Broadway production. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:45, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

**Zombie** (J)—One of those South Sea settings, with drinks to match. A rumba band plays in the garden at night.

**Some Other Places**—At **Barbary Coast** (J): the customers around a large and generally crowded bar are prodded into dubious harmonizing by Kay Parsons and other musical folk. . . . **Dancing Campus** (I): Michael Todd's outdoor dance floor, which is frequently taken over by the very young and violent; dancing from about 6 P.M. on. . . . **Jungleland** (J): Frank Buck presents a circus and a mountain swarming with monkeys. . . . **Midget Town** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village. . . . **Oditorium** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people. . . . **Parachute Jump** (H): they pull you up about twenty floors and then let you drop; a honey if you don't mind heights. . . . **Wall of Death** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome. . . . **Winter Wonderland** (J): a skate-and-ski show; frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

## RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

**Ballantine's** (H): the dean of the Fair restaurants, with sturdy food and a new outdoor bar. . . . **Belgian Building** (B): the fountain show seems to be put on especially for diners on this awninged terrace. . . . **Brazilian Building** (A): there's real Brazilian music here at the dinner hour. . . . **French Building** (A): happily, this well-loved restaurant is staying open. . . . **Gardens on Parade** (A): a bar, a soda fountain, and a friendly little café. . . . **Heineken's** (H): sustaining Dutch food and a view of the fireworks from the veranda. . . . **Hungarian Pavilion** (A): tables in the garden for patrons of the goulash bar, and an attractive restaurant upstairs for real dining. . . . **Iraq Pavilion** (A): what's good in Arabia is good here. . . . **McGinnis** (C): sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks in a pavilion as gay as a circus tent. . . . **Pabst** (K): a beer garden with a lakeside setting and maple trees twinkling with lights. . . . **Polish Building** (A): they still cook Polish, and that's what matters. . . . **Ponce de Leon Patio** (I): one takes a motorboat to the Florida Building to sample Tampa's best. . . . **Ruby Foo's Lama Temple** (J): habit-forming Chinese food in a lively and gaudy setting. . . . **Swedish Building** (D): snacks in the large, shady courtyard and more substantial meals in the restaurant nearby. . . . **Swiss Building** (A): cheerful and restful, whether you look up from the garden or down from the terrace. . . . **Washington Hall** (K): the screened lakeside veranda is an oasis of tranquillity in the amusement area from teatime on.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).

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**AXIOM: PALL MALL IS A SMOOTHER CIGARETTE**

**EXPLANATION:** *Good old-fashioned Bulking mellows the smoke*

● It is an axiom that Pall Mall smokers enjoy a noticeably smoother smoke.

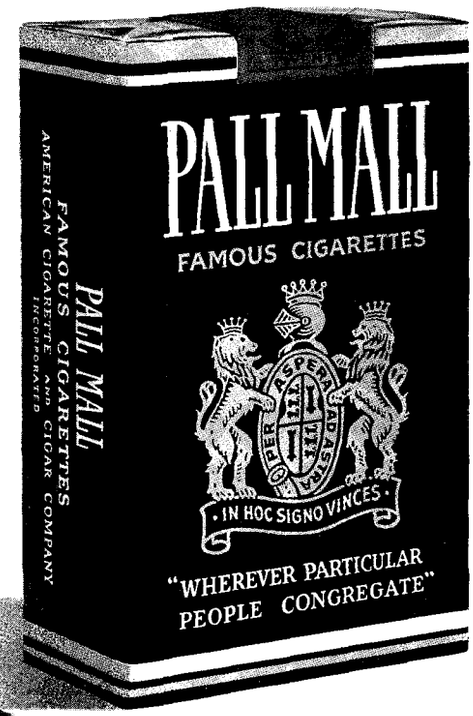
The explanation is to be found in the revival of BULKING . . . a slower, more painstaking process of working tobaccos, which mellows the smoke.

In BULKING, the magnificent Pall Mall tobaccos are rested in fragrant heaps until slowly they generate a warmth of their own. As they do, harsh qualities become mild . . . and time (careful, conscientious workmanship does take time) releases subtle flavors and aromas which permeate every shred of tobacco. The result: a mellower . . . a really smoother cigarette.

It is a significant fact that with Pall Mall there is noticeably less cigarette stain, or none at all. The fingers of your friends who smoke Pall Mall regularly offer visible proof of this important advantage.

And because the additional length of this distinguished cigarette travels the smoke further, it is impressively cooler.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!



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**"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"**

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# SAVE HER!

## MILLIONS OF WAR REFUGEES AND WOUNDED

## NEED *YOUR* HELP NOW

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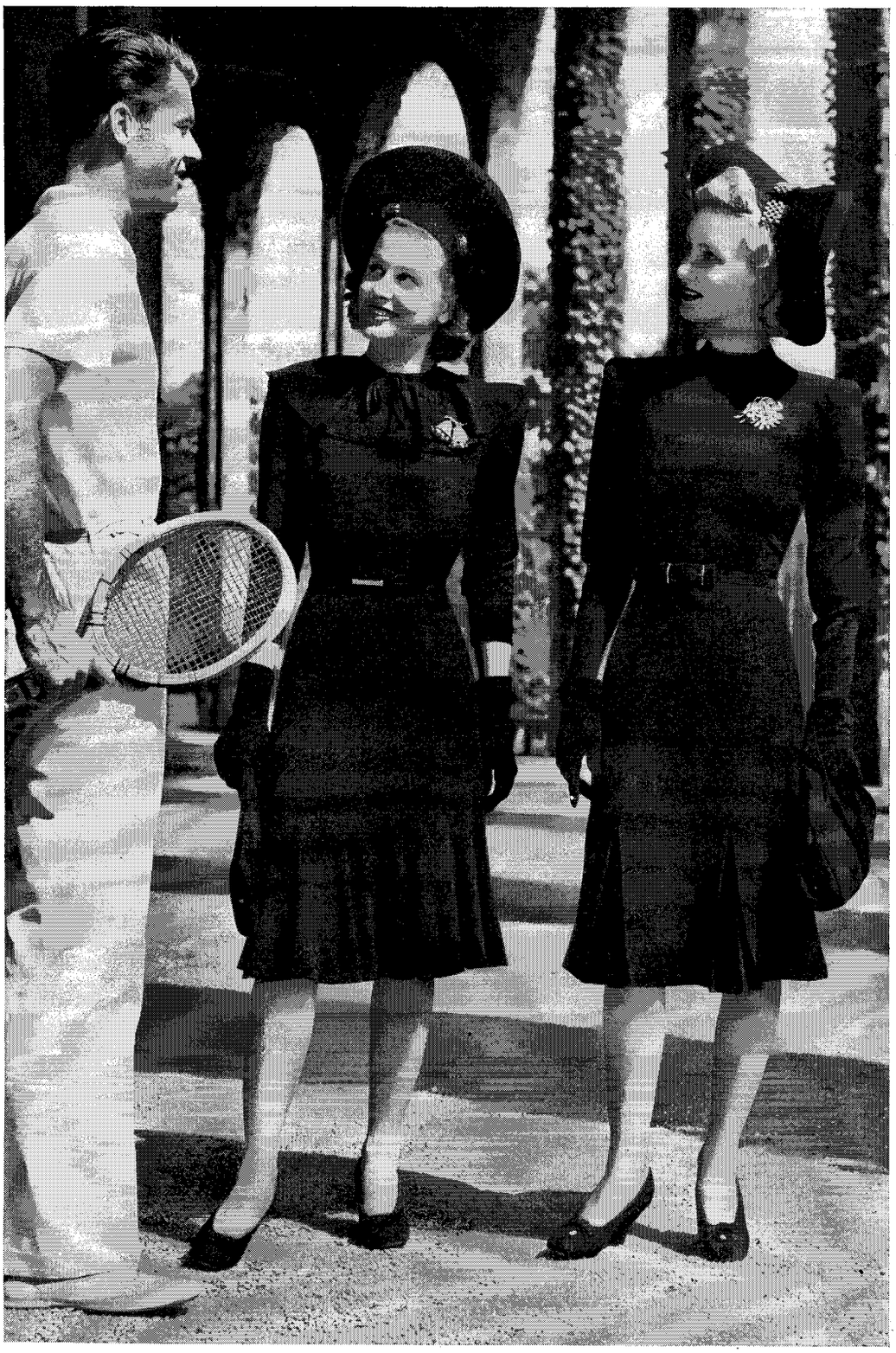
**206 Madison Ave., New York**



*This Enka Fashion Approved Tag is the symbol of verified quality and approved fashion*

# At Forest Hills

**for the tennis . . .**

join the smart crowd at the West Side Tennis Club to watch the National Singles Championship matches . . . and wear the new trumpet silhouette in Westwind by Stunzi, woven of Enka Rayon. $29.95 At Best & Co.

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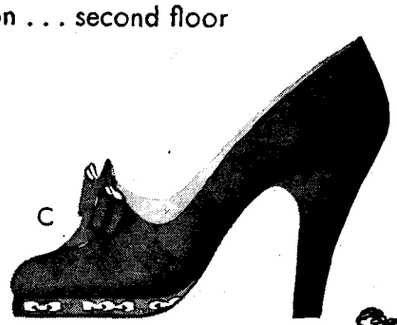
# B. ALTMAN & CO.

## Lo Presti

## shoes by a master shoemaker

shoes by Lo Presti, newest in a distinguished line of Altman-and-nobody-else fashions. Executed with the finesse of expert craftsmanship . . . marked with the spirited imagination of a young American designer, Mr. Charles Lo Presti; with a pure bravura elegance, sharp emphasis for the whittled simplicity of this year's silhouette.

the Altman shoe salon . . . second floor




(a) bracelet platform pump; black or brown suede **16.75**
(b) open shank oxford; black suede . . . . **15.75**
(c) bracelet platform d'orsay; black suede . . **15.75**
(d) platform oxford; black suede . . . . **15.75**
(e) scalloped oxford; black or brown suede . **15.75**

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

*Notes and Comment*

BETWEEN the rows, in the hop fields of Kent, shelters have been dug. The pickers are at work there now, and the invaders also, in the overhanging sky. We once saw a hop harvest in our West, and we recall that the men and women and children picked fast, because the hops would settle in the baskets and you could earn more money if you filled your basket quickly before the grain shrunk. It must be discouraging to the hop-pickers of Kent, having to creep now and again into the shelters, while the hops settle in the baskets, and history settles in the saddle.

AS we write this, a few days before you read it, the buzz of summer has reached its greatest pitch—the insects in the dry weeds, the flies against the dusty windows in the outbuildings, the desultory raiders inside the shell of our radio. The war is a year old, and the sound it makes already seems to belong to the natural world, the ear having tuned its accommodating drum to life as it happens to be. The rasping cricket in the grass of America, the sharp defence gun on the cliffs of England, all one symphony which, as any concertgoer knows, may become deafening at any moment.

THE interpretive thinkers and writers of America are giving out two prescriptions these days, but the prescriptions, it turns out, cancel each other. On the one hand, we are informed

that our society has grown soft, and that if we are to survive we must toughen ourselves, abstain from de-luxe sedans, radios, refrigerators, and all the soft appurtenances of a decadent day. That is one prescription. On the other hand, we are told that if democracy is to be saved it must be made to work; its economy must be sound, everyone must have the modest comforts of life, and these comforts, on investigation, turn out to be sedans, radios, and refrigerators. That is the other prescription. The contradiction is plain enough.

THERE is a detailed account of the softening of society in the current *Harpers*, by Roy Helton. Mr. Helton propounds the theory that the sex of civilization has changed, from male to female. Our world, he says, is entirely a female dream—shelter, comfort, advantages for the young. Here again is a contradictory situation. A female society, although decadent, nevertheless offers the only hope of a warless world. War in a woman's world is unthinkable, simply because women are bored stiff by the destructive machinery which men find exciting and amusing. Last week we happened to be in the country and our host was blowing up

some rocks on his place. The presence on the premises of dynamite was highly stimulating to every male. The workmen themselves were keyed up and would gladly have worked all day without pay for the privilege of taking part in an explosive program. The foreman was as eager as a boy; he loved everything about dynamite—the caps, the long coil of wire, the battery with the throw switch, the red flags to stop traffic, the brush dunnage, and the long, important warning cry of "Fi-i-ire!" Small boys showed up from nowhere and took an active part, inspecting the charge, racing about, and jumping up and down wildly. There wasn't a female in the bunch. The reaction to dynamite of the female members of the household was that dynamite was something to be got over with as soon as possible. Not one of them had ever seen a dynamite cap, or wanted to. They lacked that curious inquiring and alert spirit which makes men the great destroyers and the great builders they have turned out to be.

THE British say the Nazis are broadcasting false or unsound medical advice, to bring death to the injured. In fairness to Dr. Goebbels, it should be pointed out that no patient

ever thought the medical advice handed him was sound and that no two doctors really agree on anything. You come home from the doctor's and it's always the same story. "What do you think that clown wants me to do now?" you ask. "He wants me to take a spoonful of olive oil after every meal. He's trying frightfulness on me."

ON Labor Day Eve we pawed through the trash on our desk and scrapped everything except one item, which we find indispensable—a clipping from a Lucius Beebe column containing a picture of Dick Maney. We have been saving the clipping through fetid summer weeks, because the publication of the Maney photograph in the *Herald Tribune* sets a mark in journalism which will not be reached again in our time, as the saying goes. Mr. Beebe, whose text the picture illustrates, was telling how he stayed sensibly in town during a hot weekend, and how pleasant this experience was. Nobody even phoned, he wrote. Not even Dick Maney phoned,

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he continued. And the *Tribune*, suiting the action to the word, gravely produced a picture of Mr. Maney and ran it—a man whose only immediate news value was that he had *not* phoned Lucius Beebe over a hot weekend.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Soviet government, which has been an extensive buyer of American publications, is at the moment ordering no yearly subscriptions. Six months is the limit.

There is a sign in the lobby of the Federal Building, 641 Washington Street: "Civil Service Candidates Please Use Freight Elevator."

One of the headings in the Oberlin College library's card catalogue is "START-WASHING."

## *Joe's Nemesis*

THIS is by way of a postscript to our recent "Reporter at Large" piece about Joe McWilliams, Yorkville's Nazi candidate for Congress. The author mentioned that Joe's most earnest and unflagging heckler is a large young West Point graduate, Harry Dalton by name. Last week we had a chat with Dalton, in a little store front on First Avenue, near Eightieth Street, which serves him and his father as heckling headquarters. The Daltons have organized a patriotic society which they call the New York Council for American Traditions. The Council organizes street-corner rallies, distributes posters, and is planning to publish a newspaper, but Harry Dalton never allows these activities to interfere with his primary purpose of badgering McWilliams. He holds meetings as near as possible to McWilliams' meetings, or else just stands in Joe's audience and invites him to step down and get beaten up. The McWilliams faction, after several triumphs by the Daltons in pitched battles, have contented themselves with throwing things on him from roof tops and slashing his tires.

Harry Dalton is a tall, thickset fellow of twenty-eight, who used to play fullback for West Point. When we met him, he was wearing a dark-blue suit and a polka-dot batwing tie. "The first thing I want you to understand is that ours is strictly a non-political, non-sectarian organization," he told us. "One of the Republican clubs offered us a thousand dollars if we'd work with them, but we turned it down. I didn't want this organization turned into an anti-third-term racket." Donations from supporters of the Council range from ten cents to five dollars—we were shown the account books—and really poor people are simply thanked and sent away with their money. The Daltons, who are building contractors, make up from their own pockets whatever is lacking in the kitty.

Dalton is the third generation of his family to be represented at West Point. His grandfather was a Northern general in the Civil War, and his father was in charge of Langley Field during the World War. Harry himself tried for the Air Corps, but couldn't make it. He holds a lieutenant's commission in the Reserve. Another thwarted ambition of his was to be a sportswriter. He's happy now, though, constructing by day and heckling McWilliams after dark. It all started when he got so mad at an anti-Semitic speech he heard in Columbus Circle that he pulled the speaker off his soapbox and made a speech of his own in favor of tolerance. He has been married for three years and has a small daughter.

McWilliams doesn't seem to Dalton to be a serious menace, except potentially. "At first, people laughed at Hitler," he points out. His victories over McWilliams have not always been physical. Once, McWilliams read the crowd a Supreme Court decision pointing out that a speaker couldn't be accused of inciting to riot just because people rioted after listening to him. McWilliams was gloating over this when Dalton yelled from the crowd, "Who wrote that decision?" "Louis Brandeis," replied McWilliams, all unthinking. It broke up the meeting. As we took our leave, we asked if Dalton thought McWilliams would ever accept his invitation to box a few rounds. Dalton shook his head wistfully. "I can take that guy any night in the week, and he knows it," he said.

## *Philadelphia Story*

A CRISIS arose in the life of a man we know, the upshot of which was that he had to send an important document to a bank in Philadelphia as quickly as possible. This fellow was in possession of a fact unknown to many people; namely, that there are in both of New York's railroad stations a special set of mailboxes called train boxes. Mail for certain cities can be dropped in these boxes, and is then put directly on the next mail train. Cancelling and sorting are done right in the mail car. Well, this fellow arrived at Penn Station with his document in an envelope but no stamps. Furthermore, he couldn't find a place that would sell stamps—got turned down at the ticket windows, the newsstands, and the information booth. The information man, however, said he thought there was a stamp machine just off the waiting room. Sure enough, there was—a great big stamp machine. Our man was tinkering with it, holding in one hand the necessary change for a three and a special-delivery, when a loiterer came up and said, "Just put your letter in that slot, Jack. It's automatic, see?" Accordingly, our man pushed his letter in one slot, and put his coins into another. "Where does the letter come out?" he asked his guide. "It don't come out, Jack," the man said, pointing to a disguised mailbox under the stamp machine. "It's in there." At this point a

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postman appeared with a bag and unlocked the box. "Can I get my letter back?" our man asked. "Can I get it back and put it in the train box?" The postman shook his head with a pitying smile. "Nope," he said. "These letters got to go to the post office. Can't tamper with the U.S. mails, you know." Our friend staggered off through electrically operated doors, went up the escalator, and had a brandy in the Savarin Bar, while he meditated on the wonders of science.

*"There's a fascinating legend about an Indian maiden in connection with Plots 14, 15, and most of 15A."*

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## *Modern Milk*

YOU just can't keep a milk company down. This striking thought occurred to us on September 1st, when the distinction between Grade A and Grade B was, practically over the milk companies' dead bodies, abolished. We would have said that if anybody should have celebrated this date, it was Mayor LaGuardia; but no. Borden's and Sheffield exuberantly announced that Approved, or single-standard, milk would sell for fourteen and a half cents, delivered, but that connoisseurs willing to pay seventeen cents could now have Homogenized milk. The butterfat content of Approved is 3.7 per cent, the old Grade B standard; that of Homogenized 4.2 per cent, or a bit over the old Grade A standard. In Homogenized milk, the cream does not separate, which makes it more digestible, if any of you people have been having difficulty digesting milk. Furthermore, it contains four hundred added units of Vitamin D per quart, the equivalent of one and a quarter teaspoonfuls of cod-liver oil. *And* it is delivered in specially designed bottles, which prevent the milk's gurgling when it's poured. Life gets easier every day.

Homogenized milk is produced by treatment in a Homogenizer, a device invented in 1902 by August Gaulin, a Parisian. Basically, it is a pressure pump. The milk, under a pressure of twelve hundred pounds per square inch, is forced through microscopic holes; the fat globules are thus broken up into tiny particles which will not rise to the top of the bottle. Dairies in Canada and the Middle West have been using the Homogenizer for years, and it's also standard equipment in ice-cream factories—produces ice cream of a smooth, rich texture. One difficulty in the way of large-scale production of Homogenized milk has been the lack of any efficient method of cleaning the equipment, but that has now been taken care of. If you care for figures, the Homogenizer breaks down the average-sized fat globule, which is between four and ten microns in diameter, into ones no larger than two microns in diameter. A micron is .001 of a millimetre, and a millimetre is .03937 of an inch.

Babies, we're told, will benefit from the digestibility of Homogenized milk. Its only drawback seems to be that it suffers from standing in the sun for any length of time: develops a peculiar flavor. Homogenized is, by the way, pronounced with the accent on the second syllable—Ho-mo'-gen-ized. Don't ask us why. Ask Mayor LaGuardia; he started all this.

## *Bad Luck*

WE dined at Schrafft's the other evening, and watched with envy a neighboring Southern family—father, mother, daughter, and son—as they made away with incredible quantities of wholesome food and ice water. When it was time for them to leave, the father Southerner started for the cashier's desk without leaving a tip. The boy, perhaps noticing the waitress's face, slid a dime under his plate. His mother picked up the coin and handed it back to him. "Don't you do that," she admonished, "or you never will have any luck in life."

## *Bert and Bert*

SEVERAL times lately in our early-evening groping over the dial for the latest radio word from Europe, we have been astonished to come upon the play-by-play description of a baseball game which our common sense and the gathering dusk told us must long since be over. It turned out, upon further listening, that what we had got hold of was "Today's Baseball," a program announced by Bert Lee, who compresses a game into fifteen minutes' time on Station WHN. Fascinated by the ingenuity of the idea, we called on Mr. Lee in the Loew's State Theatre Building just before a recent broadcast and were shown into the panelled office of Bert Lebhar, vice-president in charge of sales for WHN. It further turned

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*"Are you our host?"*

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out that Mr. Lee and Mr. Lebhar are identical. Mr. Lebhar sold the idea of the compressed ball game to a sponsor a couple of years ago (it had been done before briefly, on another station) and the sponsor wasn't satisfied with the work of any of half a dozen announcers who were tried out. Mr. Lebhar stepped over to the microphone to give his version of how it should be done and so impressed the sponsor that he wouldn't hear of anyone doing it but Mr. Lebhar himself. Hence, Mr. Lee.

Bert, to pull them together with brevity, doesn't work from a script. He has the play-by-play bulletins of the game he has chosen to announce (usually the most dramatic of that day's games) copied off a news-ticker tape that has unwound during the afternoon. He glances over these before going on the air, making a mark beside any point he wants to comment on—that, for instance, Keller's double in the eighth was his third hit of the day. For this he uses a red, vice-president-in-charge-of-sales pencil. We went into the studio with Bert and he showed us his sound-effects paraphernalia, a wooden block and one of those night-club hammers, and three phonograph records, two entitled "Excited Crowd at Baseball Game" and the other "Rising Cheers," which was made at a football game somewhere.

At the time of our visit, Bert had elected to broadcast a game between the Yankees and the Tigers which the Tigers had won 3–2. He started off with abandon, using his imagination freely. A listener would never have gathered he was conscious of the outcome, or that he wasn't conscious of a lot of details. He would look at a line saying Dickey had flied out to deep centre and improvise glibly, even going so far as to announce that the count was two and two, although for all that the tape told, Dickey connected with the first pitch. It's a super-ball game Bert hands out and, of course, a very fast one. Maybe he *didn't* know how the game ended. He had told us previously that after he gets started, he projects himself so wholeheartedly into the contest he forgets he isn't right there on the scene. In the game we heard, Di Maggio came up and Lee bent forward excitedly. "The Yankee clipper looks cool out there," he said, gazing at a fellow in the control booth who was rubbing his chin. Di Maggio hit a home run and Bert almost fell out of his chair telling about it: "And there she goes. It's —a—home—run!" Bert often takes a minute or two over his time, and conservative gentlemen, who have tuned in to hear a political commentator, write indignant letters to the station, which Bert answers as Mr. Lebhar, apologizing for Mr. Lee's remissness. He rarely gets to a ball game, being busy most afternoons with sales, but he reads the sports pages regularly. He has an assistant to run the machine that emits the yells, but does his own clicking for hits and fouls. He used to have an assistant for this, too, but the man would get overexcited at Bert's description and once got entirely out of hand. He sounded a hit so hard that the head of his hammer flew off and beaned Bert.

## *Treasure*

THE local headquarters of the Associated Willkie Clubs was thrown into a panic the other day by the discovery that an important letter from Mr. Willkie himself was missing. The file clerks went through the entire file, on the chance that the letter had been attached to something else, but without success. The staff, snivelling with despair, had begun to look under rugs and in wastebaskets when a lady volunteer worker came forward and asked if the letter was *very* important. Assured that it was, she produced the missing

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document from her bosom. "I wanted it for the autograph," she said, "but if it's *really* important, you can have it back."

## *Old Kahn Place*

IF you are looking for a Delano & Aldrich Norman château with eighty-five rooms, two tennis courts, an indoor swimming pool, a ballroom, and a library with a secret panel of fake bookshelves opening into a small room with an exit to the outside, we can safely recommend the former Otto H. Kahn place at Cold Spring Harbor. Realty Associates, a Brooklyn syndicate, bought the estate, or most of it, in May, a few months after the neighbors had got the Department of Sanitation off the premises with a zoning-law suit. Realty Associates plans to put up about five hundred small houses and sell them for from $7,500 to $15,000. It is willing —indeed, anxious—to dispose of the château, along with twenty-five acres, including the tennis courts, for $75,000 to any responsible party who promises not to violate the zoning laws by converting it into a hotel, sanitarium, insane asylum, or the like. The house was built around 1918 and cost Mr. Kahn a pretty penny, or $1,800,000. Annual taxes on the four hundred and forty-five acres and the buildings are $25,000, which is about one-third what they used to be.

We obtained this information, and a rapid view of many of the eighty-five rooms, last week when Mr. Harry Fox, a Realty Associates higher-up, showed us round the place. First we explored a series of formal gardens, which left us with a jumbled impression of hawthorn hedges, copper beech, boxwood, tiger swallowtail butterflies, chipmunks, pools, pillared temples, and small statues of the seasons. (Winter was a naked boy shivering in a shawl.) "Mrs. Kahn would inspect the gardens every morning," said Mr. Fox, "and if a leaf was out of place—" He shook his head. Inside the house, he led us through a welter of large, empty rooms, a sizable wine cellar which contained a few empty ginger-ale bottles, and some mysterious labyrinths having to do with air-conditioning. In the pantry we noted a bell signal box with about fifty indicators marked, for example, "Mr. Kahn's Bedroom," "Mr. Kahn's Dressing Room," "Mr. Kahn's Bathroom," "Boudoir No. 2," "Miss Maud Kahn's Bedroom," "Miss Margaret Kahn's Bedroom," etc. (Miss Maud married Major John C. O. Marriott in 1920, Miss Margaret m. John Barry Ryan, Jr., in 1928.) "If only we could get a nice girls' junior college or military school to buy the house!" said Mr. Fox. He showed us the ballroom, which was decorated with red, white, and blue streamers, and explained that his company had recently let some Huntington people use it for a party for the benefit of the Red Cross.

The income-producing features of the place at the moment are the golf course and tennis courts, which are run as two separate clubs. The courts are leased to a group of about twenty-five Long Island couples. The golf course is run by the owners as the Cold Spring Hills Golf Club, and the stables now serve as its clubhouse, with locker rooms, grill, and twenty bedrooms. Gilbert and Roger Kahn are honorary members, immune from the $60 dues, and Gilbert plays there frequently. These refined activities have met with the approval of the community, unlike the occupancy of the Sanitation Department. The day the Sanitation employees formally moved in, 22,000 street-cleaning families and friends, black and white, showed up for the festivities. "Those poor people!" said Mr. Fox. "They set their lunch baskets in beds of poison ivy."

We called up Gilbert Kahn shortly after our visit, and he said that the Sanitation Department housewarming, which he and Roger attended, had been even more trying than Mr. Fox had intimated, what with a Horn & Hardart cafeteria set up outside the ballroom and a plaque reading "Truck Drivers and Sweepers Club" over the door to Boudoir No. 2. "I thought it would be a sad occasion," he said, "but it turned out to be just unspeakably horrible."

## *Spoiled Cop*

A YOUNG couple in the Bronx returned to their apartment late one evening to find it ransacked by a burglar who had evidently entered through the kitchen window. He had dirtied his hands doing so, and there was on the kitchen wall a splendid print of one whole hand. The cop who came to investigate the crime was disparaging when the householders pointed out this clue. "No good," he said. "We need all ten fingers."

*"I'm desperately in need of a loan."*

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# IT'S AN ILL WIND

MY sister Eileen, after she turned twenty-one, became an accomplished private secretary, but before that she was always getting fired in the most spectacular ways. She could hold a job, as Father remarked bitterly, just long enough to buy the new spring suit she had in mind, or the riding habit she couldn't live without. And it really was true that, by the merest coincidence, Eileen would usually find herself free at the last minute to accept an invitation to go sailboating in Maine, or horseback riding in North Carolina, or skiing in Vermont. Once she got fired just in time to make the train for the Yale Junior Prom. Father was irritable for days after this episode.

When Eileen got another job after returning, in her leisurely way, from New Haven, Father was baffled. "I wouldn't any more hire you—" he bellowed over the family dinner table, giving Maizie, the new family retainer, an awful shock. "Don't they ever ask you for references? Don't they want to know where you worked before?"

My sister looked slyly at Father and winked.

"Eileen!" Father roared.

"Don't get excited," Eileen said hastily. "I just say my poor father had a bank and it failed, and now he's a permanent invalid and I'm the sole support of my four sisters, who were brought up with every sort of luxury, and then I sniffle a little and say I never thought I'd have to be seeking employment, and—"

Father turned pale. He operated the Gladsome Washing Machine Company on the theory that honesty was the best policy, and here was his own daughter bouncing around Cleveland, telling the most outrageous stories. It was enough to turn his hair gray, he said, and of course Eileen had never given a thought to the fact that she was probably ruining his credit, going around saying he'd had a bank that failed.

"Don't worry, Father," Eileen said. "I can put in a fix for you. My new job is with the Central & Northern Credit Report Bureau, Inc., go-od morn-*ing*. I run the switchboard, too."

EILEEN rather liked her new work at first. The Central & Northern Credit Report Bureau, Inc., among other activities, investigated insurance frauds, and it fell to Eileen's lot, between switchboard duties, to type out the investigators' reports. The very first week Eileen went to work, Mr. Fenwick, the head bloodhound, felt he had rounded up a big wife-murder case. Eileen used to come home at night breathless with the news that Fenwick was working on the arsenic angle, or Fenwick was trying to get permission to exhume the body, or Fenwick had found a rust-stained axe in the back yard and was having it checked to see if there was human blood on it. Then the whole thing collapsed. Fenwick found the old family doctor, who swore his patient had died from the effects of falling under a streetcar. Fenwick tried to figure out a tieup between the streetcar motorman and the husband, but nothing came of it. Reluctantly, the Bureau advised its client, the insurance company, to pay out the $15,000 the policy called for.

Fenwick's next case was a triumph. "A gent applies for a hundred thousand bucks' worth of life insurance," Eileen informed the family. "And so Fenwick snoops around, but at first everything looks good. The man has never been sick that the neighbors know of. He's got a young wife, two healthy kids, station wagon and Packard all paid for, big house, two servants, who say they get paid regularly, plenty of credit at the department stores, and all that."

"Yes?" Father said, breathing heavily. "Then what?"

"His secretary," Eileen said. "You know." She raised her eyebrows.

Father blushed. "You mean they won't give him life insurance just because he—well, just because of that?" In Father's opinion a man without life insurance was a man lost indeed.

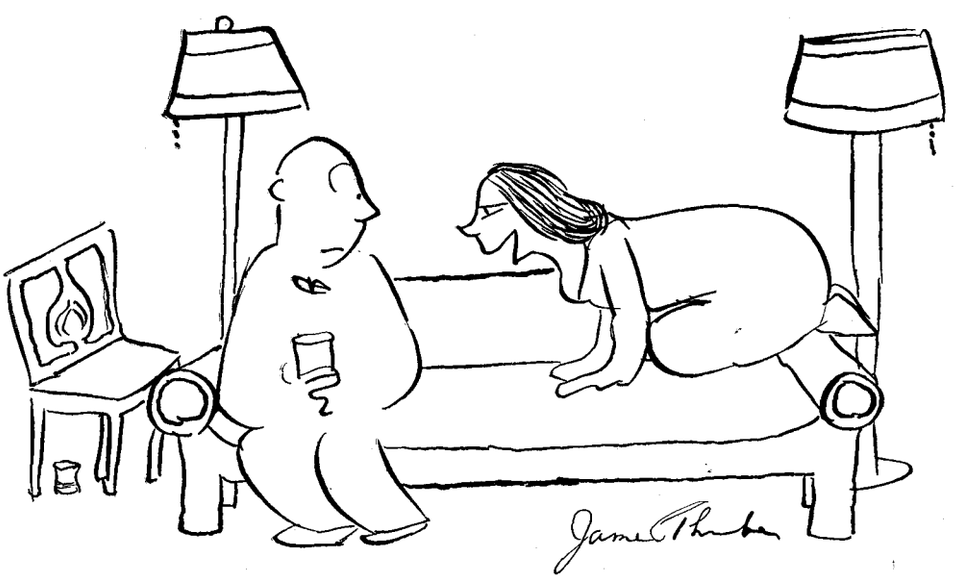
Eileen shook her curly head. "Fenwick says it's a rule. He isn't a good risk."

"He isn't?" Father cried, a touch smugly. Father was a perfectly splendid risk. All the insurance men who sold him policies said so.

"Might be trouble," Eileen went on. "For instance, if the wife finds out, she might shoot him. Or maybe he runs away with the secretary and gets a divorce, and his business goes to rack and ruin because of the scandal. He might even shoot himself."

Father blinked. The Credit Bureau apparently thought of everything. It gave a man pause.

Fenwick swept everything before him in the next few months, and Eileen began to get bored. It was April, and should a girl spend her entire life mousing around some dismal office?



*"The trouble with me is I can never say no."*

JUST as Father had practically given up hope of Eileen's staying with the Credit Bureau, she took a new interest in her job. The mighty Fenwick was facing failure. Mr. Glotcum, the boss, paced the floor nights. The honor of the Bureau was at stake.

"Sleeping sickness," Eileen reported. "In the early stages. A beautiful case with no comebacks. Fenwick is going crazy."

Eileen sketched in the background for Father: Mr. Peter Corropolis, young and single, the owner of a small grocery and ice-cream store, takes out disability insurance, $100 a week. Hardly is the ink dry on the policy and the first premium paid before Mr. Corropolis reports himself down with the first stages of sleeping sickness. The insurance com-

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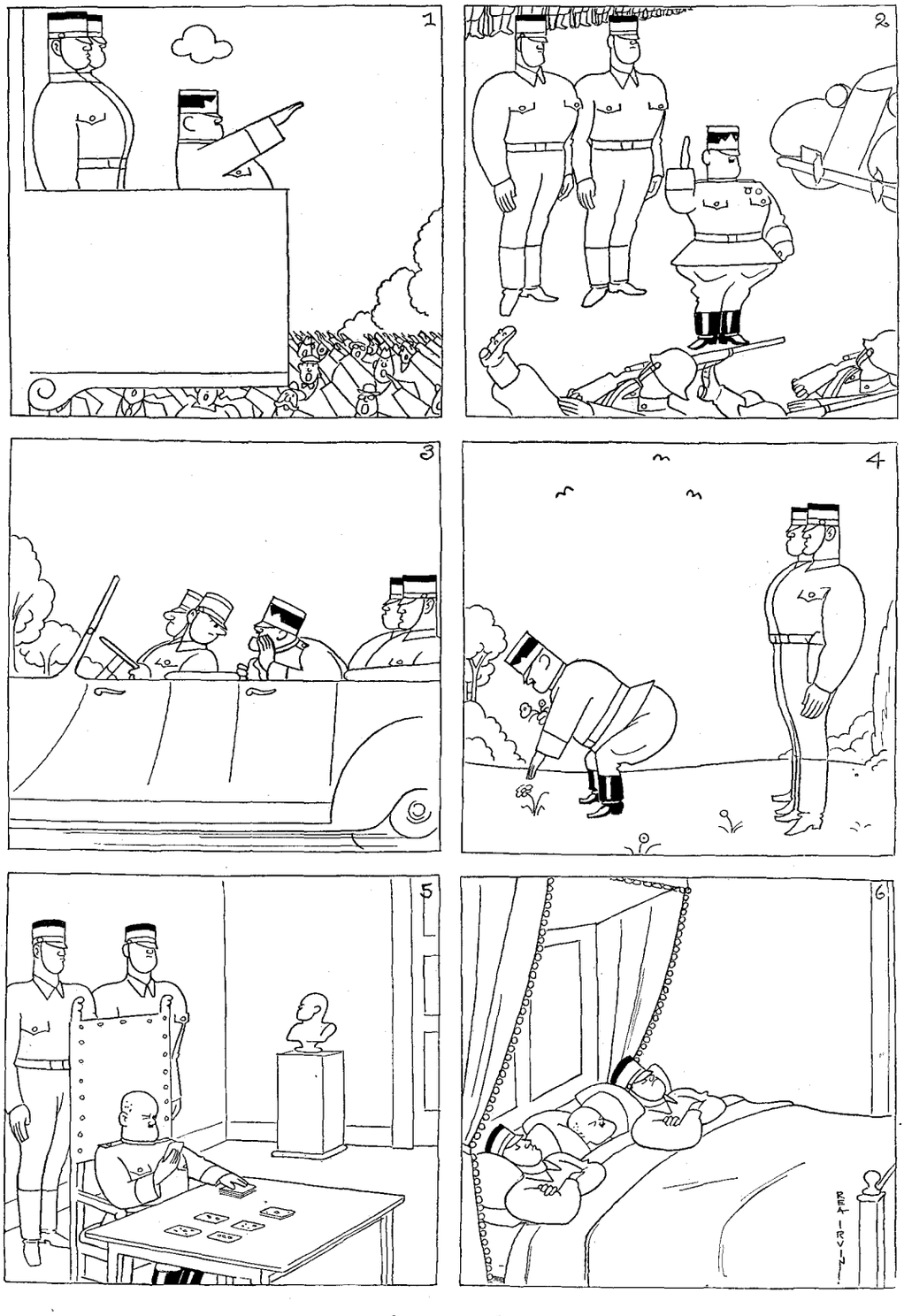
pany, in a daze, begins paying the $100 a week after its doctors say there's no way of telling whether the man's a fraud. And Fenwick goes to work.

His first step is the obvious one. He steps into the grocery store and, as everybody suspected, finds Mr. Corropolis, seemingly in the pink of health, selling a lady a can of sardines. But even as Fenwick unlimbers his camera, Mr. Corropolis's eyes take on a fishy stare, his head begins to wobble, and he flops over on the counter.

"Ai! Ai!" scream hundreds of Corropolis's friends and relatives as they rush to the scene. "Ai! The sleeping seeckness!" Assorted remarks in Greek are also batted about, but Fenwick doesn't understand Greek.

This was the beginning. April blossomed into May, and still Eileen spent every day typing out the saga of Peter Corropolis vs. the C. & N. Credit Report Bureau. At first Fenwick was overconfident. He tried catching Mr. Corropolis off guard, but jolly Mr. Corropolis lived in the very centre of Little Athens, and Fenwick, whether he sneaked up on foot, arrived in a milk wagon, or came boldly by taxi, could hear the Greek battle cry resounding along the pavements. By the time Fenwick reached the grocery store, Mr. Corropolis was always upstairs in bed, unconscious.




Fenwick ground his teeth. He rented a room across the street from the store, hoping to get some movies of Mr. Corropolis by his vegetable counter, passing the time of day with assorted beauties of the quarter, but Mr. Corropolis always managed to get a seizure just as Fenwick appeared in the window with his movie camera.

Fenwick began to taste the bitter salt of defeat, but worse outrages lay in store. Mr. Corropolis was preparing his greatest coup.

EILEEN came home in great excitement one night. "Corropolis is going to get married!" she cried.

We were all a little dashed. It was quite wrong, of course, but somehow we had rather hoped that Mr. Corropolis would circumvent Fenwick. Father, who believed in business ethics (except when a dirty dog of a competitor doublecrossed him), had even figured out that if Corropolis invested half his weekly income in sound stock for ten years, he could then afford to recover from the inconvenient aspects of sleeping sickness and live out his declining years in peace and prosperity. Now Corropolis was surely finished.

"Fenwick scared it out of the girl's mother," Eileen reported sadly. By this

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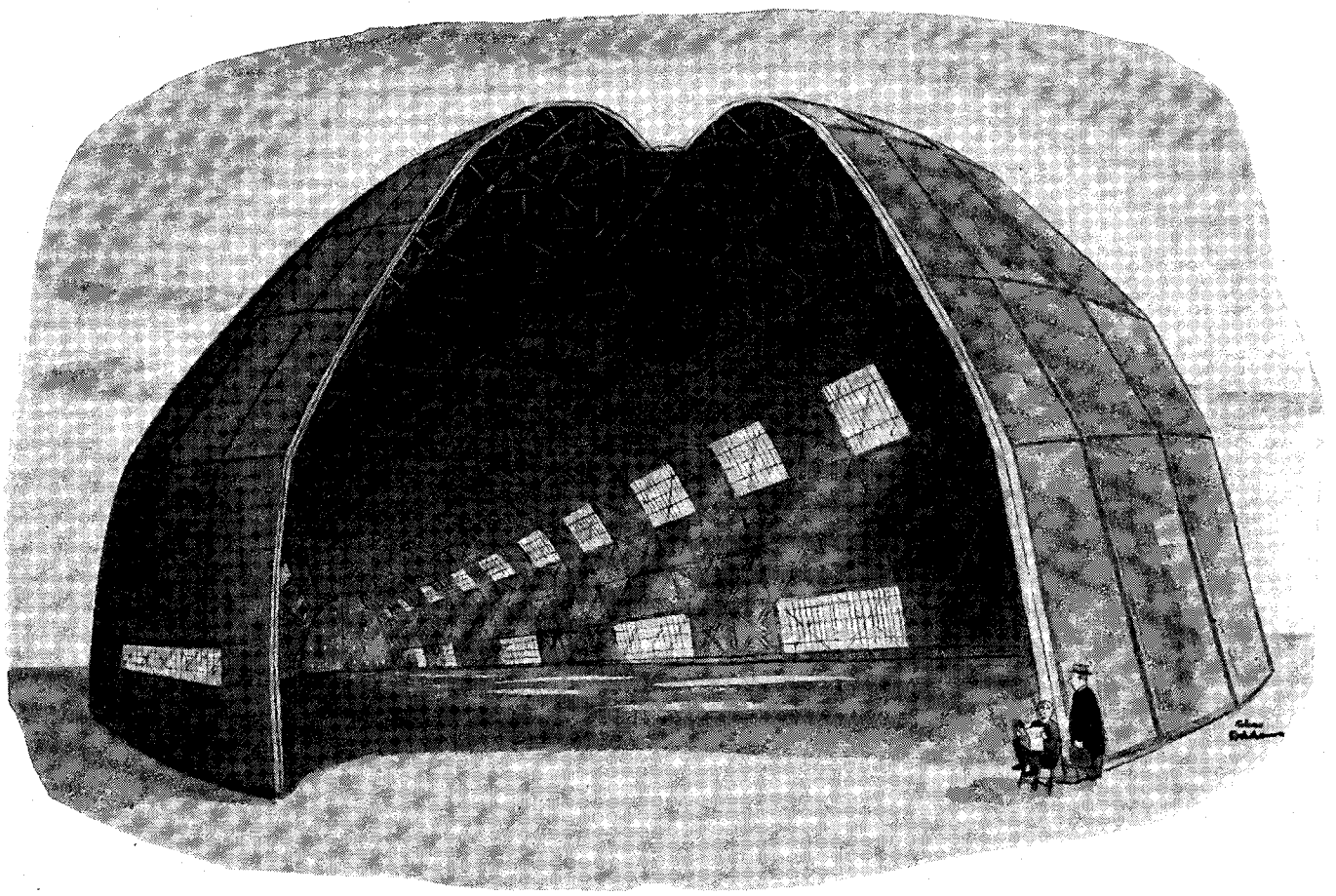

*"He's out."*

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time she had gone over completely to the Corropolis side.

We had underestimated the talents of the Gay Deceiver. The following evening, Eileen came home in high spirits. "Poor Mr. Fenwick," she said. "Corropolis came to his wedding on a stretcher, and the priest said it was a deathbed marriage. Fenwick was hiding in a closet with his movie camera, and he had to stay there for six hours while everybody else got drunk. And Corropolis just lay quivering on the stretcher, and his bride fed him whiskey out of a spoon. Fenwick saw her."

Alas, the Corropolis triumph was short-lived. One pleasant evening a week or so after the marriage, Eileen came home quite sullen and depressed.

"Well, Fenwick's got him," she said bitterly.

Father shook his head. "They can't let that sort of thing go on," he said. "After all—"

"Oh, nuts!" Eileen said. "That old snooper Fenwick! He prowled around with his movie camera, waiting, he says in his report, for the 'inevitable.' What lousiness!"

"Your language!" Father said automatically.

Eileen ignored the rebuke. "So finally he catches poor Mr. Corropolis kissing his bride. Right in front of the store. They were going to move away to a little farm in the country next day, and I guess they were pretty excited. Now they'll never have a farm or cows or children or anything! And Mr. Corropolis was going to send his brother to college, too!"

"Well, of course, it's wrong to cheat people," Father said dubiously.

"The insurance company would never miss it!" Eileen shouted, and burst into tears.

THE next day was Sunday. Eileen washed her hair, pressed all her good dresses, put a new bow on her spring hat, and did her nails. Monday night, she walked into the house whistling, off key as usual.

"You know what, Father?" Eileen said as we sat down to dinner. "Corropolis is going to get his hundred dollars a week after all."

"Well!" Father looked pleased in spite of himself.

"Uh-huh." Eileen cut her chop with care. "They lost that moving-picture film. Just lost it altogether. The negative. Before they made any prints of it. It was in the file where I keep my reports, and it just got lost."

"Lost!" Father stiffened, his fork suspended in mid-air.

"Yep." Eileen looked down her nose.

"Eileen McKenney!" Father roared.

My sister's face began to get red. "I can't think what happened to it," she said, "unless it got burned up when I lit a cigarette, maybe. I looked and looked, but Mr. Glotcum was so heartless! It was terrible!"

"Heartless," Father said slowly. "What do you mean by that?"

Eileen bowed her head. "He fired me," she murmured.

Just in the nick of time, as it turned out. Betsy Fry and her mother were leaving the next morning to drive to New York. Eileen rode in the rumble seat.

"It's quite a saving," Eileen told Father. "Otherwise, there would be train fare all the way to Princeton. The party is next weekend. You remember. Didn't I tell you about it? Billy Fry asked me, and Mrs. Fry will be there to chaperone us." —RUTH MCKENNEY

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**HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT**

[*From a Boake Carter broadcast*]

Were that great French dreamer and writer, Jules Verne, alive today he would turn over in his grave.

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# THE WILSONS

## OVER THE BUMPS

As far as Chester was concerned, the Foltons' party had been a washout, for he'd missed the Stomach Sensation on Mrs. Breeme's thank-you-marm, coming over. That was the first time he'd missed it this summer, too. He hadn't wanted to go to Newport in the first place, and the party was sissy when he got there, with seven girls and four other boys—little boys of only eight. Nancy Folton was just ten, like him, and so was the one with freckles, Clarabelle. Francie, who was only seven, was just a nuisance. She'd bumped into him twice in the egg-and-spoon race and so he hadn't won it. It was a dumb party.

The games were dumb, too. He'd got in first in the tennis-ball-and-whistle game, but he'd held the whistle in his right hand instead of his left, and that kid, Charlie Something, ran up and blew his whistle holding it in his left hand, and they said Charlie had won. It was a gyp. There was no baseball, and they wouldn't let him shoot the bow and arrows he'd won in the sack race, and when he'd tried to wrestle with Charlie Something, a tall, thin governess had stopped him and said, "Why don't you pick on someone your own size and look out for Mrs. Folton's flower beds do you think that is nice?" The big boofer!

And then *seven* governesses were in the room at supper. Gee! Miss Friederichs never did that at his parties. They didn't let you touch a thing on the tables, not even blowers or crackers, till the ice cream. The thin one had stopped him flipping bread pellets, too. At Junior Frissell's party in May, they had flipped peas and ice cream both. But there were no governesses or people around then. All boys, too. Not a lot of girls. Nuts!

After supper there was nothing to do, not even dumb games; the other children, wearing paper hats and blowing horns and things, ran around the huge lawn. Chester was bored and he wished his mother would have the car called and leave.

As he stood there alone, Nancy Folton saw him and came toward him, wearing a green paper pirate's hat. She called out to him, "Oh, Chester!"

He didn't answer, but stood still, not knowing where to go to avoid her.

"Where have you been?" Nancy said, stopping squarely in front of him.

"Nowheres," he said. "Mother'll have to get our car soon and we'll go home."

"I looked for you everywhere," she said. "You don't have to go home yet, do you? My heavens, it's early!"

"Pretty soon," said Chester. "We've got a *long* way to go."

"If it's a fast car," she said, "you won't have to hurry. What sort of a car is it? Is it a fast car?"

"A Cadillac," said Chester. "It's terrific." He paused and added, "It's a particularly good car."

"What's so particularly good about an old Cadillac?"

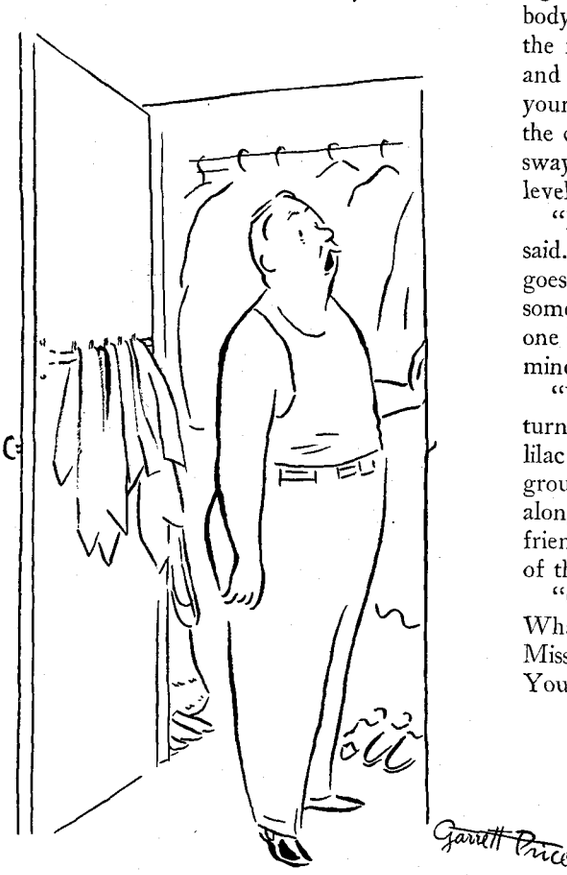
"It's not old, it's new," said Chester. "It's terrific. It gives you—well, things I bet you don't get in any of your old cars."

"That's not so," said Nancy. "What sort of things?"

Chester hesitated and then said, "The Stomach Sensation."

"That's silly," said Nancy. "What is a stomach sensation?"

"You get it in our Cadillac," he said, "when it goes over the bump by Mrs. Breeme's house. It's a big bump she built to stop the delivery boys killing her cats. Gee, they certainly drive fast! Like Pop. I didn't get it coming over. First time I missed this year."




*"Hey, did you send my pajamas to the laundry with my Willkie button on?"*

"Do you *always* get it? Why didn't you this time?"

"Aw," he said, "my mother talked to me."

"Your mamma talks a lot, doesn't she?" said Nancy, looking across the lawn to where the grownups were seated by the big tea table. "But why shouldn't she have talked to you? She's your mamma, isn't she?"

"It spoiled my Stomach Sensation," he said. "First time this year. I've done it for years and years. I've done it all my life, in fact."

"Yes, but what *is* the Stomach Sensation?" she said.

"Right here," he said, putting his hand on his stomach.

"Yes, but I don't *understand*," she said, stamping her foot.

How could you explain things like that to a girl? About how it was so wonderful in the big Cadillac? First the sound of the wheels on the gravel, like the sound of crisp bacon in your mouth, then the brick gateposts, the dirt of the lane, the acceleration downhill, and then—the thank-you-marm. Unless someone disturbed you, you'd be free to sit as far back as possible in the seat and feel the car rise, feel your stomach go queer and empty and your body hang as if floating while the rear wheels topped the rise, and then—the best of it—feel yourself fill up again inside as the car rolled off the bump and swayed and settled to its normal level. Neat!

"It's just you get it here," he said. "Right here. When the car goes over it, the bump. Unless someone disturbs you. Someone like Mother. Hilda I don't mind."

"Who's Hilda?" Nancy turned to walk idly toward the lilac hedge that grew back of the group of grownups. He walked alongside her. "Is she your girl friend?" She looked at him out of the corner of her eye.

"Gosh, no! She's my sister. What she says is just dumb. Or Miss Friederichs, our governess. You just don't pay attention to her, you know? Only she gets mad if you don't pay attention too much, like at the pool when she hollers at you to come out."

"Yes," said Nancy, "they do."

"You never get it going over with Pop," he

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said. "Boy, does he go fast! He just zips over that old thank-you-marm and the springs go bong, clonk! And that's all there is to it."

"Is it nice," said Nancy, "the Stomach Sensation?"

"It's neat," he said. "Boy!"

"My, I'd like to try that!" she said.

"Yes," said Chester. "But maybe girls wouldn't get it. I guess only boys got the right kind of stomachs."

"My stomach is just like yours," she said. "Exactly."

"Well," he said, "I don't know. Maybe it isn't." They looked at each other's middles.

BY this time they had reached the lilac hedge, and they stopped behind it. He was going to go on about stomachs; it was the first time he'd been interested all day. But he didn't, because he heard his mother's voice. By common consent, they listened.

"Mr. Wilson has to be *so* careful," his mother was saying. "As for me, I can eat anything—anything at all. But the least little thing upsets him. I only hope Chester inherits my digestion and not his father's." There was a polite murmur from the other women.

"See?" said Nancy in a whisper. "Stomachs. Let's ask them about us."

"No!" said Chester in a horrified voice.

"Yes," she said, and immediately plunged through the hedge and stood by his mother. "Mrs. Wilson," said Nancy, "Chester has a question to ask you."

His mother looked up, rather startled. "Where is he?" she asked.

"There," said Nancy, with a backward toss of her head. "It's about girls and boys."

"Chester!" said his mother. There was nothing he could do about it, so he pushed slowly through the hedge and came to the other side of his mother's chair. She looked at him nervously. "What is it, darling?" she said, and managed a smile.

"Nothing," said Chester. "Honest!"

"Oh!" said Nancy. "Go on, ask her!"

He shifted his feet and looked at the ground.

"All right," said Nancy, "I will. He says boys have a different stomach from girls. He says boys get a Stomach Sensation over the bumps but girls couldn't because they have different stomachs. Is that true?"

His mother simply looked at him and said, "Chester!"

"Is it true?" said Nancy. But Mrs. Wilson, though she looked at her and then at Chester, said nothing. Nancy turned to her mother. "Mamma," she said, "is it true?"

Pretty Mrs. Folton threw back her head and laughed. "I don't know," she said, and laughed again. "All stomachs are about the same, I expect. Girls and boys. More or less. The stomach itself. *I* don't know. We'll ask Dr. Summerall, shall we?"

"Oh, yes," said Nancy, and to Chester, "There! See?"

Mrs. Wilson rose. "We must go now," she said. "Run and tell Hector we'll want the car, Chester."

"I'll send word. Don't bother," said Mrs. Folton, but Chester ran like a rabbit for the distant garage buildings the other side of the lawn. They couldn't leave too fast for him. Boy! But he reckoned without Nancy. She caught him as he stood behind the car, helping Hector back it around.

"There!" said Nancy. "I could too get your old Stomach Sensation."

"Aw nuts!" said Chester.

"Don't be rude," she said. "'Aw nuts' is rude. Mamma says only common people say 'Aw nuts.'"

"That's not so," said Chester.

"Yes it is," said Nancy. "Why didn't your mamma answer about the stomachs? Does your mamma let you say 'Aw nuts'?"

"Sure," said Chester.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh? Is your mamma a Social Climber?" She looked at him with real interest. "Lots of people in Newport are Social Climbers. Lots of people here are Upstarts, too."

"What are all those things?" said Chester.

"Well," she said uncertainly, "I *know* what they are, but I can't exactly *explain* them."

"That's just dumb," said Chester, but he felt troubled, not understanding her. He was still troubled when he and his mother had said goodbye (he'd had to say, "Thank you for the nice party"), and they were driving back.

MOST of the way home he waited for his mother to bring up the question of stomachs, but she was silent. He'd begun to feel better about things and was looking forward almost happily

*"Dear me, Sergeant! Didn't you get my note?"*

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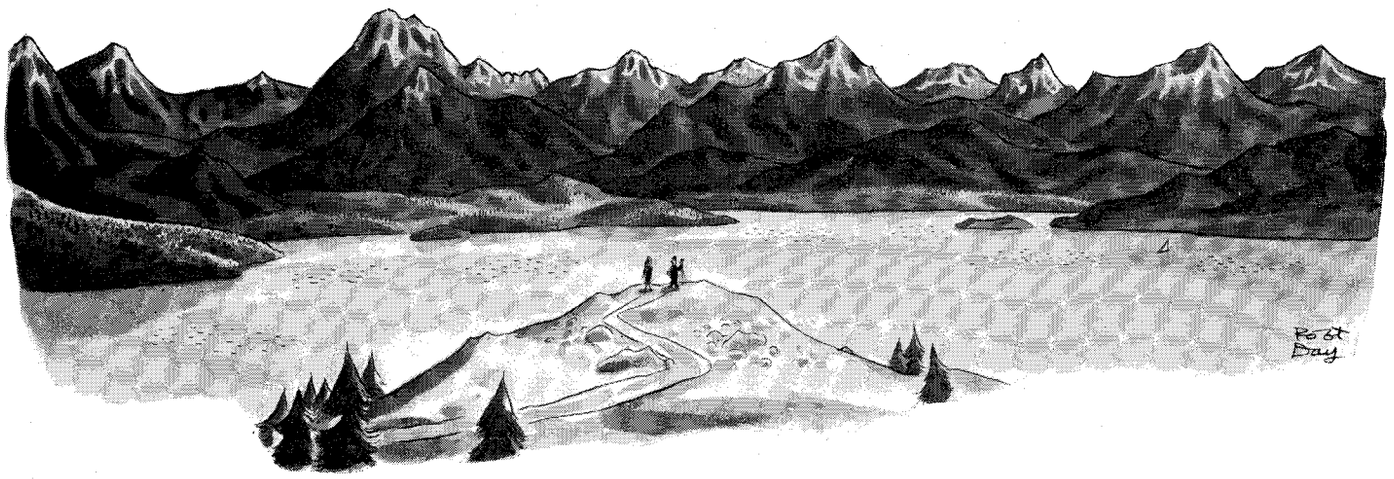

*"I think I better use my wide-angle lens."*

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to the thank-you-marm, now only about a mile away, when she spoke. "You mustn't discuss stomachs with little girls, darling. It's not very nice."

"Why?" said Chester. "She started it."

"Never mind," she said. "Did you have a lovely time?"

He didn't want to answer, for he was afraid she'd go right on talking and spoil the Stomach Sensation. He heard Hector clear his throat. It always sounded as if he was getting ready to spit, but he never did. Chester had practiced and practiced to make the same noise. It was Hector's usual preliminary to speech and might save him. But no luck. Mother turned her face full toward him and said, "Chester, I asked you, did you have a good time?" There was no way out. *Why did people disturb you?* He wriggled in his seat.

"Sure," he said. "It was O.K."

"That doesn't sound so very enthusiastic, darling."

"Well, gee, do I *have* to be enthusiastic?" he asked.

"No," she answered, "no, but I can't see why you aren't. I'd hoped you'd had a lovely time, with those charming children, in that *beautiful* place." Then she added, "We will have to ask them to our house."

"Oh, gosh!" said Chester. "What do we have to do that for?"

"You have to return the hospitality you accept," she said.

"I didn't accept anything," he said. "I didn't ever want to go. You took me. It's a gyp."

"Nonsense," she said. "That's not so, Chester."

"It is so so," he said desperately, looking ahead with gloom to the double fact that he'd have to have those children on his hands and that the car had almost reached the lane and the thank-you-marm. If he missed the Stomach Sensation *again*—

"You really mustn't contradict like that," she said. "It's not polite. And I feel really hurt that after I gave up an entire afternoon to take you over to Newport, to give you a taste of something really choice and special, that that sort of rudeness is all the thanks I get. I mean, really!" The car turned into the lane.

He stole a glance at her. She sat staring straight ahead with an injured look. He didn't want to hurt her, but he hadn't wanted to go—that was true, whatever she said now—and the thank-you-marm was almost here. Well!

"Gee," he said in desperation, "I'm sorry, Mother. I had a good time, O.K. I don't care if you ask those old Foltons to our house."

"That's my sweet boy," she said, smiling at him warmly. "You know I do it all for you, don't you? It's just that they are such nice people for you to know."

"Yeah, O.K.," he said. Would she never stop? He watched her settle back in her seat and saw with relief that her eyes went forward again to the road. The car rolled on, slowed a little—here it was! He could feel the rise, the delicious lighter-than-air sensation in his body, the sense of emptiness in his stomach, the poised moment of floating; and then the filling-up began, the blood ran in to fill his stomach again, and the car swayed and settled and once more climbed toward the driveway. He'd had it! Neat!

What did the Foltons matter now? Maybe, anyhow, they couldn't come or might even be pretty sick. Except Nancy, and then they could compare stomachs.

—CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

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## CABLE FROM PARIS, 1950

The color is still brown, but darker brown;
Call it Franciscan. Shirts are worn no more.
Instead, play up the long and swinging gown,
Rope-girdled, with a hood. And underscore
The end of boots. They walk in sandals here,
Or even nothing. Bones are back again;
Each curve of skull, rib, pelvis should appear,
And scars are good, or any mark of pain.
All fabrics must be coarse. The mendicant skirt
Hangs better when the wool is not too thin.
Paper is warm and does not show the dirt,
And hair is popular against the skin.

Photos will follow of the gown, the hood,
And people in them begging for their food.

—MARYA MANNES

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*"You can certainly tell it's her first day here."*

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# ADIEU, DEAR COCCYX

NOW that summer ends, I shall not find it impossible, I'm sure, to abide by a solemn vow I have made. Stay indoors, snub the nonsense and fiddledeedee of the great open spaces; that is my simple dictum, the code by which I shall hereafter mold my modest schedule of business and pleasure. Tucked in tight with walls about me, a floor beneath me, of course, and a ceiling where ceilings belong, I shall confine my repertory of diversions and distractions to those which are possible in such circumstances.

Looking back through the years of my life, I can see that I should have read the mandates of my fate long ago. Others are like me. Indeed, there is a vast collection of human beings like me who should never, never venture from beneath a roof except to dash from door to taxi. Pitiful, perhaps, we are born to be housed. The earlier we recognize our limitations, the better for us and for our associates. Whenever we go out we cause trouble, and not only for ourselves. Guides and lifeguards have lost their jobs, have seen their careers ruined, all because of our amiable and innocent behavior. The elements are beyond us; they may even harbor some curious hatred of us. Given the slightest exposure, we are sure to suffer. We are the ones the bee stings at the picnic, the bat flicks in the pup tent, the brambles blind, the ivy inflames. On the hike, we wrench our ankles. The cigarette we toss aside lands in the driest underbrush in the county. With a theatric gesture, we plunge a hand into the hornets' nest. And we are always getting lost. Our hosts see us amble out toward the croquet lawn, and some hours later they are rousing the countryside, organizing posses and cursing the day they met us.

I can still recall the fury of my companions and of a hotel staff years ago, when I was spending a holiday in the forests of New Hampshire. One bright day, overcome with the beauties of the wild woods, piny odors, and so on, I had wandered off. Next day, with the whole neighborhood in a hullabaloo, they found me. I was half a mile away, going in circles. I remember how indignant I became as they proceeded to regale me with anecdotes of the region—anecdotes hardly tending, I thought, to calm a spirit which had been through such a nerve-racking experience. Naturally, my rescuers had to express the bother I had put them to in some way. So they sat around my bed —nature-lovers always have to be put right to bed the moment they are salvaged—and told dire legends of what had occurred to other lovers of the great outdoors. There was the story of the little boy who had been found only after days of search. He had, I gathered, gone quite, quite wild and had barked like a dog. Then there were the bride and groom who walked forth one night and were never seen again. Years later some hunters came upon a little pile of bleached bones and a satin slipper—only one slipper, I believe—which was all that was left to tell the tale. Honeymooners, I understand, are great lovers of nature and invariably cause endless disturbance. There is that classic story of a couple who even managed to wedge their way into a tiny crevice in a glacier and become, of course, part of its general structure.

THE town is full of the chatter of vacationists now. In any restaurant you have only to lend your ear to the talk at the next table and a phrase or two will give away the usual plot. "He spent his vacation in a plaster cast," one is sure to hear, and "They sent her the serum by plane," and "After her trip to the Catskills, she spent a fortune on X-rays," and "Wouldn't you think there'd be someone in a lumber camp, of all places, who'd know how to amputate?," and "By a wild streak of luck the lifeguard had studied obstetrics," and "He simply didn't know how to stop the engine."

That last line about stopping the engine takes me to the experience which led to my solemn oath never to go outdoors. A delightful gentleman, somewhat of the old-school type, turned up at the beach where I was spending this summer, looking for trouble, as you might say. He owned a most beautiful

boat, one of those speed things, white with a blue line—altogether a prize. He had invited some ladies out "to see the regatta" and I should have had my warning. They had all been shooting along at twenty-seven miles an hour when he announced that he couldn't for the life of him remember how you turned off the engine. Just as they were about to lunge right into the cotillion formation of the regatta, someone pulled a secret lever or two, and the engine fell to pieces. The gentleman and his guests were thrown into a heap in the middle of the boat, but there were no casualties and the trip was regarded as a success, since they did get back for cocktails. When I was asked on a trip next day, I accepted with utter serenity, and merely wanted to know how many knots there are in twenty-seven miles. As though it would ever matter to me. That's the kind of information indoor nature-lovers always ask for.

NEXT day proved to be the hottest day of the summer. And late in the afternoon occurred the one storm of that whole period when I was down there on the beach. I look back upon it now and understand bitterly why it was I should have been placed by Fate out there in the wild seas for just that one half-hour when I should have been nestling behind windows in my house. Since I would defy my preordained fortune and go out, it was my destiny to get what was coming to me.

My host had a nephew with him—a theological student, I believe, but, fortunately indeed for us, before he had heard the Call he had gone in for football. There was some substance to him of a physical character, anyhow, which was to prove useful when the waves began to have their fun with us.

One thing, I must say, I avoided that day, and that was the awful heat. We weren't hot at all. Nothing could have been more delightful than our early jaunt—at twenty-seven miles an hour —up Great South Bay. There are lush breezes, you know, and even hot air is a delight as you race along in an open boat at such speed. My admiration for the boat, when I was able to take my mind off the beauty of the scene, was eloquent. Even the owner must have been satisfied by my praises. I approved of everything, and though I thought a few cushions might have helped, I realized that cushions were not seafaring and that the boat was designed for the true lover of the sea. We ran aground once, as was to be expected in

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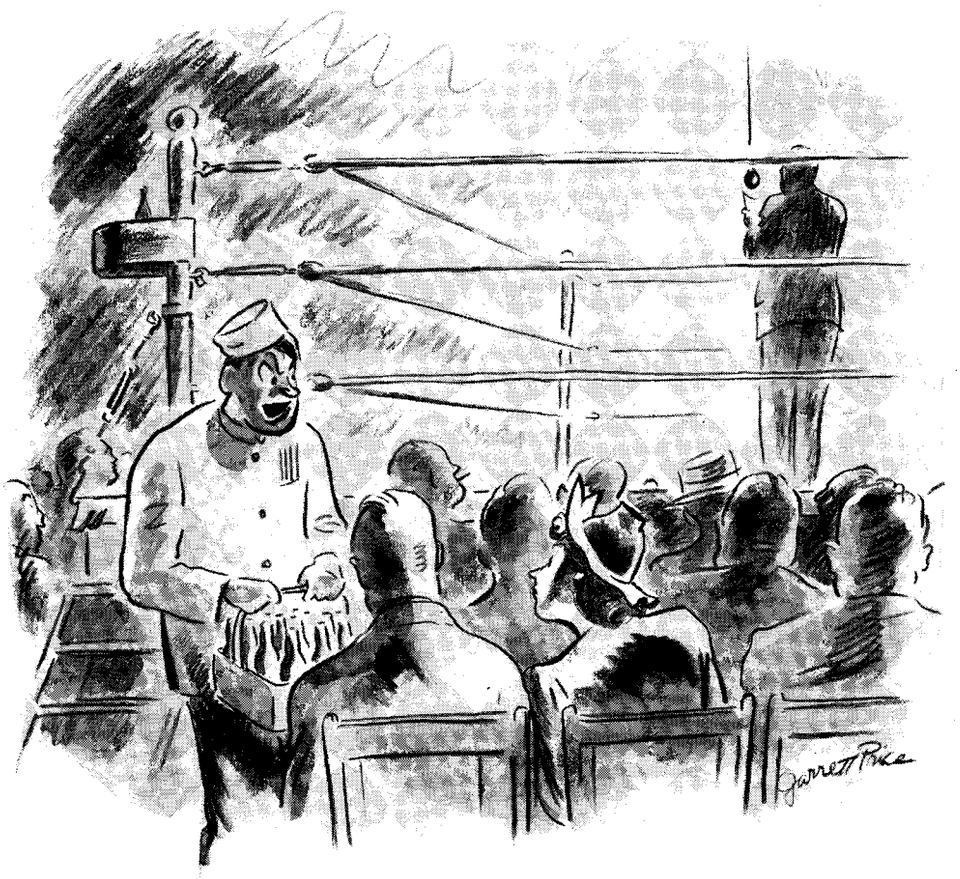


*"I can't help what the A.&P. sells it for. My price is a quarter."*

•  •

that bay, which is full of eccentric shallows, but we pushed off easily and the incident was unimportant. A little later, the engine balked a moment, but we happened to be very near a small dock where a youth, described as a marine expert, quickly shook some sand out of a pipe and sent us off flying. The expert had seemed surprised that we didn't have a wrench with us, and our host was whimsical about the incidental supplies that he should sometime procure.

"I must get some books and study this engine. Roderick," he said to his nephew, "you must go and get all the books you can about boat engines. We must know something about it."

Engines being complete mysteries to me, and books about them sounding like overwhelming reading, I ignored the subject and abandoned myself to the enjoyment of the scenery. As the sky had taken on quite unusual tints of black and copper, the scenery merited study.

"The most picturesque sky I ever saw in my life," I said, and I added that it looked like a shower to me. It didn't matter. A soaking would be part of the plan. As rain did begin a moment later, I pulled off my shirt and let the fine drops fall upon my bare torso with true sportsman's relish. I was soon, though, a little surprised that these drops seemed to sting, as the wind was flinging them against me with astonishing force. It was not comfortable, and it soon became desirable to seek cover. The bow of the boat, as a Conrad would tell you, had a cover, a bit of roofing, and under there I stretched myself on the plank flooring. Hardly was I recumbent than the waves began, and they were waves, I assure you, one couldn't ignore. Smack we went over the first one, down on the other side, and I was thrown up from the floor to the roofing, and down smack again on the small of my smallish back. And then, as soon as I got adjusted to that wave, over another we went. Our football theological student hung onto the tiller, and my vague host had heard that you must keep a boat pointed into the waves. Not a wave did we miss for mile upon mile. The tenth sent my coccyx off at an angle, that poor, dear old coccyx of mine. And it must have been the fiftieth that tied up my *os sacrum* in a fanciful loop. As for my floating ribs, they had long since become the obvious joke their name suggests.

There was little conversation, I might say for the benefit of those who love to hear about storms at sea and how people act. The theological student, who was standing up all the time at the tiller, remarked that the covering over the bow had gone, and I threw the smashed boards a glance but thought it a minor detail. I remember that our host had a spasm of exact behavior, pulled out some life preservers, and had us all put them on. Then came the zero hour. The engine stopped.

"I imagine the rudder has gone," said my host.

Of course the rudder had gone. I knew that. The rudder always goes. I hadn't been to movies for nothing in my day, and though Dorothy Lamour was not with us, the scene was cinematic to a high degree. Up and on went those waves, each one doing something drastic to my internal organs, and I was indeed quite ready for the whole scenario of my past history to begin to evolve before me when all of a sudden, without warning, that engine started up again. My host must actually have done the right thing, pulled the right thingumabob. It would be ungrateful, if not impious, to say that the engine didn't take us far. It kept going until we were out of the high waves, until the twister, hurricane, cyclone, and tornado all combined had swept on its own way. Then, coming toward us, we saw a homey, flat, broad, sensible craft, to which we signalled, à la movies, with a white shirt on an oar.

And so, you may, if you frequent the better and more conservative centres, hear for many a day my own clear voice declare, "All I lost was my coccyx."

—John Mosher

•

In a story in yesterday's Star regarding an accident Sunday at North Forgeus avenue and East Adams street, it was erroneously stated that a car driven by D. B. Ferguson, 3016 East Edison street, collided with an auto driven by D. F. Bass, of Goyette and Grant road.

The story should have stated that the car driven by Bass collided with the car driven by Ferguson.—*Arizona Daily Star, Tucson.*

Put a hair in there, and let the cars split it.

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# PROFILES

## ODD MAN—II

IN 1923, when Frank Munsey bought the New York *Globe* and merged it with the *Sun*, Robert L. Ripley went over to the *Post*, where he stayed six years. During this period, although he drew a daily cartoon that was syndicated in about thirty papers and also contributed occasional drawings to *Collier's*, he never made as much as $10,000 a year. Ripley had been working on the *Post* only a few weeks when Max Schuster, of Simon & Schuster, wrote him a letter asking if he would be interested in getting up a collection of believe-it-or-nots for a book. Ripley, who was in the middle of a handball tournament at the New York Athletic Club, threw Schuster's note away without answering it. During the next couple of months he threw away several more letters from Schuster. The publisher, who is the last man in the world to mope over unrequited correspondence with a potential Simon & Schuster author, persuaded a handball-playing friend to take him to the New York A. C. and cornered Ripley in the locker room. "I'm just a two-cent man," Ripley said when Schuster proposed getting out a "Believe It or Not" book to sell for $2.50. Schuster finally obtained a promise from Ripley to paste up samples of his work, but Ripley was so dilatory about this that the book didn't come out until 1928. It was followed by a second volume, and in 1934 by an omnibus book made up of the contents of the first two. Altogether, over 500,000 copies of these books have been sold. Schuster sent a copy of the first one to Hearst, who wired that it was the best thing Simon & Schuster had ever published and told King Features to get Ripley. Several other syndicates were then bidding for him, but King Features signed him up to a contract that paid him over $100,000 the first year. Also as a direct result of the book, Ripley was paid $350,000 for making twenty-six Vitaphone shorts in 1930. In the eighteen months following the publication of the first "Believe It or Not" book, Ripley made over $1,000,000 from the syndicate, the book, and movie and radio contracts. Several hundred thousand dollars of this went in taxes to the federal and state governments. His mail assumed enormous proportions, and so many messages were sent to him addressed "To the damnedest liar in the world" or simply in ripped (Ripley) envelopes that, in 1930, Postmaster General Walter F. Brown issued a departmental order which read in part, "Such letters hereafter will be either returned to the sender or sent to the Dead Letter Office. Postal clerks have had to devote too much time recently to deciphering freak letters intended for Ripley." All this makes Ripley admit Schuster had the right idea, but he is still taking his time about fixing up another book, which Simon & Schuster have for the last six years been trying to get him to assemble. Schuster is attempting to bribe Ripley into doing this book by sending him dozens of believe-it-or-not items, many of which Ripley has used. It was Schuster, for example, who made it possible for Ripley to give the world the old truth that six monkeys, set to strum unintelligently on six typewriters for a million years, would be bound in time to write every book in the British Museum.

Quite apart from the letters which he gets from Schuster, Ripley has a terrific mail problem, since people all over the world send him suggestions and bombard him with packages of oddities, many of them perishable. At first he met this situation by throwing away everything except letters from his immediate family. Later, when friends advised him this was not conducive to good will, he began to keep the letters and to answer them from time to time, often several years later. For a while he hired a former confidence man and cardsharp to help him with his mail. This man, who, under the name of Al Burgess, wrote a number of articles for *Collier's* explaining how he relieved people of their money, ran away from Ripley to become advance man for a Florida circus and is now in Hollywood. In the late nineteen-twenties, Ripley engaged Norbert Pearlroth, a bank clerk who knew thirteen languages, to answer his mail. Today Pearlroth is Ripley's chief researcher. He and two assistants dig up oddities from countless books, newspapers, and magazines which they read. There are nine people in the King Features office who simply read, sort, and acknowledge Ripley's mail, underline the salient parts of letters, and forward the more important ones—several hundred a week—to Ripley. Ripley shuffles through these at his leisure and stores the overflow in his attic. He estimates that his attic contains

*Robert L. Ripley*

at least a million letters which he hasn't read. Whenever he goes on a trip he takes along a bundle of these and answers those that look promising. Thus a good many people who wrote Ripley in 1931 were surprised to receive replies from him the summer before last, written in Sarawak or Cambodia. "I reply from strange places, several years late, and astonish people," says Ripley. He travels a lot by plane and sometimes throws letters he doesn't think worth answering out of airplanes as he finishes reading them. Two and a half miles up over the middle of Africa a few years ago, he disposed of some correspondence in this way, only to find two of the letters waiting for him when he got back to New York. Some literate natives had found them and forwarded them. Ripley dropped them out of a plane over the middle of Asia the next year. To date they have not been returned.

RIPLEY lived at the New York A. C. until six or seven years ago, when he bought a twenty-seven-room house on an island, near Mamaroneck, which he has named Bion (Believe It or Not) Island. It is connected with the mainland by a causeway and is in the middle of a tidal lagoon. "The house was in awful condition—full of pigeons," Ripley says. He has cleaned it up and filled it so full of oddities that his friends sometimes feel they are calling on Ripley when they visit his Odditorium at the Fair, and vice versa. The barroom contains a collection of five hundred and forty steins, ranging from an Eskimo mug made from the tooth socket of a walrus to elaborate early-seventeenth-century affairs from Nuremberg. Ripley's greatest rival is Joe Cook, and the two connoisseurs occasionally swap duplicates. Rip-

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ley's barroom is further decorated by a chain 365 feet long, carved out of a single ten-foot piece of wood. Other household bibelots include the Iron Maiden of Nuremberg, a Buddhist shrine, a Shinto shrine, and a wooden self-statue which a rather self-centred Japanese artist made as lifelike as possible by embellishing it with his own hair, teeth, fingernails, and toenails. Ripley had this statue on display at his Broadway Odditorium for a while. "Imagine," he wrote in a descriptive booklet which sold at this exhibition for ten cents, "the excruciating pain this artist went through to make it a perfect image of himself!"

Other objects which contribute to the surrealist atmosphere of Ripley's house include chastity belts, a roomful of Aztec masks, the three-foot shell of a "man-eating clam," a magnetic clock consisting of a bowl in which a metal turtle, attracted by a concealed magnetic hand, floats to the number indicating the hour, a small reproduction of the Taj Mahal which is illuminated by yellow and pink lights, a bullet coughed up after being in a man's chest forty-nine years, and an aquarium with a fish that swims backward. Ripley has three or four girl researchers of catholic tastes who buy these things for him at sales and auctions and help arrange them in his house. He has spent several hundred thousand dollars on his collection, which he values at $2,000,000. He sometimes adds to his staff while travelling. At times he has had Egyptian and Chinese researchers on his payroll.

His household is presided over by Mrs. Almuth Dold, a middle-aged German lady who is something of an oddity herself. Now married to a man named George Dold, an efficiency engineer, she was formerly the wife of a Russian baron, and before that is said to have spent several years in a Turkish harem as a guest. Mrs. Dold's experiences have produced in her a deep vein of mysticism, and her occult powers, together with a profound knowledge of graphology, astrology, palmistry, phrenology, numerology, and tea leaves, enabled her at one time to conduct a character-analysis department for a West Coast newspaper. Ripley picked her out of three thousand applicants who answered an advertisement for a housekeeper. She buys the food and drinks for his house, runs the servants, and acts as his hostess, conversing easily with his guests in the barroom and at table. Mrs. Dold once wrote an article in which she attempted to describe her feelings about her present surroundings. "Mystery and the scent of past centuries speak to one from almost every room in the Ripley home, yes, but oh what beauty, what splendor they also hold!" she wrote. "A Chinese bed, rich in color and carved with dragons, invites strange dreams of the culture which was Cathay; a life-sized Buddha, meditating matters of the soul, affects you to speak softly, tenderly; elaborately carved doors and chests stand as silent witnesses of the sorrows and joys their former owners knew hundreds of years ago; tapestries, bearing the arms of proud Spanish families, enchant eyes and mind; all the fascination of bygone years has found an honorable and beloved place in the Ripley home." Much as she admires Ripley's possessions, Mrs. Dold is more impressed by their owner, who, she feels, is even more peculiar than the Iron Maiden of Nuremberg, which is a famous medieval torture device, or the fish that swims backward. "The most unusual thing in the house is Mr. Ripley," she said recently.

*"Just stand there a minute, dear, and let me drink you in."*

AMONG Ripley's peculiarities are a habit of encouraging chipmunks to potter about his desk while he is drawing his cartoons; the affecting, at home, of a costume consisting simply of bathrobe and slippers; and a passion for moving heavy objects. He persuades the chipmunks to come in by leaving a window of his study open and scattering nuts on the sill and around the room. He generally works on his cartoons from seven in the morning until eleven. He has two assistants, Tom Connolly and C. H. Moore. Ripley selects the material, indicates the layout, and sketches the main figures, leaving Connolly and

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Moore to fill out the details and do the lettering. In the case of such a believe-it-or-not as "A man by the name of Lleieusszuieusszesszes Willihiminizisteizzii Hurrizzissteizzii lives in Los Angeles" the lettering is quite a job. Around eleven o'clock, Ripley's housewifely instincts begin to assert themselves and he starts moving beds, chairs, statues, and shrines from one room to another. He can never quite figure out how best to arrange things like the Iron Maiden of Nuremberg, a man made of Mexican basketwork, and a statue of a Buddha. He keeps moving these things around for several hours, taking time off for food, drink, and thumbing through part of his mail. His favorite drink is Royal Crown Cola spiked with gin. On summer days he goes out on his lawn and, with the help of his gardener, rearranges the Indian totem poles and Chinese temple guardians which brighten up his grounds. His private lagoon, which he calls Bion Lake, is bridged from one side of his island to a strip of land that lies between the lake and the Sound by a wooden walk whose railings are carved in the shape of letters spelling out "BELIEVE IT OR NOT." To navigate the lake, Ripley has a birchbark canoe; a long, narrow, canopied Kashmir boat propelled by heart-shaped paddles; a gufa boat, which is a circular affair of reeds imported from Mesopotamia and said to be glued together with the same kind of pitch used in Noah's Ark; a straw boat from Lake Titicaca in Peru, the highest navigable lake in the world; and an Alaskan Indian dugout made out of a pine log.

When Ripley really wants to get anywhere by water, he uses a cabin cruiser of which his brother Douglas is pilot, and which is anchored in the Sound the year round. Douglas recently married a girl named Crystl Zaun; he and his wife have an apartment in town but spend a good part of the year at the Ripley place in Westchester. Douglas Ripley is a sensationally reticent individual of thirty-four, whom the cartoonist, since the death of their mother in 1915, has treated more like a son than a brother. Douglas has as much disregard for conversation as Ripley has for a well-made rooster. For a number of years, Douglas lived a simple life, camping out in the coastal hills of California, ignoring all efforts by his brother to get him to come to New York. Whenever Bob Ripley sent him his train fare, Douglas would buy more provisions and go further into the hills. He was finally persuaded to come here in 1930. Bob has tried to make Douglas like New York and fall into city ways by giving him a silk hat, but Douglas has remained unimpressed and almost entirely silent. He has never been abroad and manages to keep out of countries everywhere as successfully as his brother gets into them. When, several years ago, Ripley asked him if he would like to take a trip around the world, Douglas simply said "No." Ripley sometimes suspects that Douglas is trying to work up into being a believe-it-or-not item himself, and he was somewhat relieved when he succeeded in persuading his brother to make a brief trip to Cuba last winter. Douglas is a good businessman and just doesn't care for folderol such as small or large talk. He helps Mrs. Dold keep household expenses within a budget and he takes a great many excellent photographs of oddities for his brother. Bob generally draws from photographs and his staff often goes to a lot of trouble to get a desired picture. When he wanted to secure a likeness of one Señor Lascurain, a man who had been President of Mexico for thirty-nine minutes, his researchers began to go through all the books in the Public Library bearing on the 1913 Mexican revolution. They found a picture of Lascurain in the 9,832nd book.

RIPLEY is unmarried. He was divorced fifteen or more years ago from Beatrice Roberts, a Massachusetts beauty-contest winner and former "Follies" girl whom he married in 1919. She is now the wife of a rich Central American. Ripley's research girls consider him a great catch, and some of them have been known to propose to him. He has nodded absently to these proposals a few times but has thought better of it in each instance, and is determined to remain a bachelor. One of his best friends is Bugs Baer, a whimsical writer, and the

## THE OUTCAST

SOLITARY READING WRONG, SAYS ADLER. . . . LIKENS IT TO DRINKING ALONE—*Headlines in the Times*

Consider the poor sinner,
The desperate wretch by decency forsook,
Who, after dinner,
Stealthily from his shelves takes down a book
And like as not,
A drunken fool, a literary sot,
Creeps to his lonely cot,
There to swig down and out of public view
Immoderate tankards of the Pierian brew.

How sunk in vice is he! Look how he gloats,
Taking no notes,
Letting his febrile fancy roam at large in
Frivolous tomes and gay
Despised by Mr. A.,
And annotating not a single margin.

Pity the fate
Of this inebriate.
Shunned by his fellows, none in his ear will shout
How the plot ended, how it all came out.
None in a Poetry Morning will enroll him,
No one will buttonhole him
To be an audience for some deathless prose
Recited through the nose.

But, all the precepts dead to,
Unsung at and unread to,
He'll end in squalor,
A miserable bookworm or a scholar.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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two men often attend wrestling matches together. They used to wrestle themselves and one evening in 1916 constituted part of an evening of professional fun put on by the late Jack Curley at the old Lexington Opera House, now Loew's Lexington. It had been arranged that Ripley should throw Baer in eleven minutes, but Baer got mildly annoyed at something Ripley said to him during the match and decided to reverse the scheduled procedure. "I double-crossed him with jujitsu," he says. "At the end of eleven minutes I threw *him*." The two men struggled another eleven minutes and Baer threw Ripley again. Ripley took this upset good-humoredly, but Curley, who had promised the boys $150 each, decided he had not received full value because the match had been on the level. When Ripley asked for his pay, Curley told him he had given $300 to Baer on the understanding that he would turn over half of it to Ripley. When Baer asked for his share, Curley told him Ripley had it. Eventually the two wrestlers convinced each other that neither had received a penny and Ripley denounced Baer for his economically unsound ring technique. Baer appeased him by giving him a believe-it-or-not about a French general who had declared war on a blizzard. Ripley abandoned wrestling and handball several years ago, and Baer is inclined to be disparaging about his friend's current physical condition. "Bob walks twice around that island of his, then collapses," he says. Ripley, who has an increasing tendency toward plumpness, has a steam room in his house and has developed a special method of dieting. If he has guests for lunch, as he usually has, he tells them that he is skipping lunch on doctor's orders. While the others eat, he wanders around the dining room, sipping a long drink and filching an occasional sandwich from the table. Around three in the afternoon he gets so hungry that he has a secret lunch sent up to his study. This deceptive routine makes it possible for him to tell people that he hasn't touched lunch for years, and sometimes they believe it.

RIPLEY's travels and the cosmic nature of his profession have never inspired him to learn any foreign language, but they have made him something of a conversational authority on various far-flung matters. Small-town in appearance and manner, he likes to show that he is not as credulous as he looks. "Those old Greeks!" he says. "Why, a woman can throw the discus further than any Greek. Those Greeks didn't know how to eat. Why, eating is a modern invention. They ate all kinds of crazy things." He also enjoys telling people that there are no jungles or tigers in Africa, that unless you deliberately go up and poke a lion it won't hurt you, and that big-game hunting is vastly overrated. "Shooting lions and elephants is as much sportsmanship as shooting a cow," he says. "A water buffalo will run all the lions out of the neighborhood. Shoot an elephant! Why, an elephant is damn near blind. Jeez, it burns you up. The only danger on a safari is dropping a case of champagne on yourself." Ripley's contacts with savages have convinced him that their stamina is much exaggerated and that the average Yale man is in better condition. "A modern college boy has every native on the face of the earth beat," he says. "Hit an African native a good slap and he won't get up."

Despite such intemperate remarks, Ripley is naturally diffident and, at forty-seven, gives the impression of being a rather gentle, overgrown adolescent. He often says that he is just a boy and explains his love of travel by the fact that, until recently at least, he never really had a home. "I'm, you might say, more or less like an orphan," he says. "I never knew whether I was travelling or not." Compared to most elderly orphans in the sideshow business, Ripley is refreshingly clean-cut. He has never permitted sexual oddities in his Odditoriums. He has on the whole a certain unconquerable nicety of taste and is proud of some refinements he has sponsored in the oddditorium business, such as having a girl swallow neon lights attached to an electric circuit instead of putting on the old sword-swallowing act. He feels that a man with three honorary college degrees should set an increasingly high standard in the presentation of oddities, and he claims to take pleasure in the thought that the current goings-on at museums bearing his name in Flushing and California, where men shave with blowtorches, hammer spikes into their heads, and lift seven-pound goldfish bowls with their eyelids, are less harrowing than were those at the Ripley building at the Chicago Fair. "At Chicago, one hundred people fainted every day and we had to have six beds," he says. "Here we have only three beds and hardly anyone has fainted."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Ripley.*)

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**ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS**

You're playing tennis with some acquaintances whom you'd like very much to like you. You're a little bit nervous and consequently play the worst tennis you've ever played in your life. You serve doubles, the ball goes over the backstop, it's awful. In an effort to save face, what would you do?—*Glamour.*

We'd go get the ball.

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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

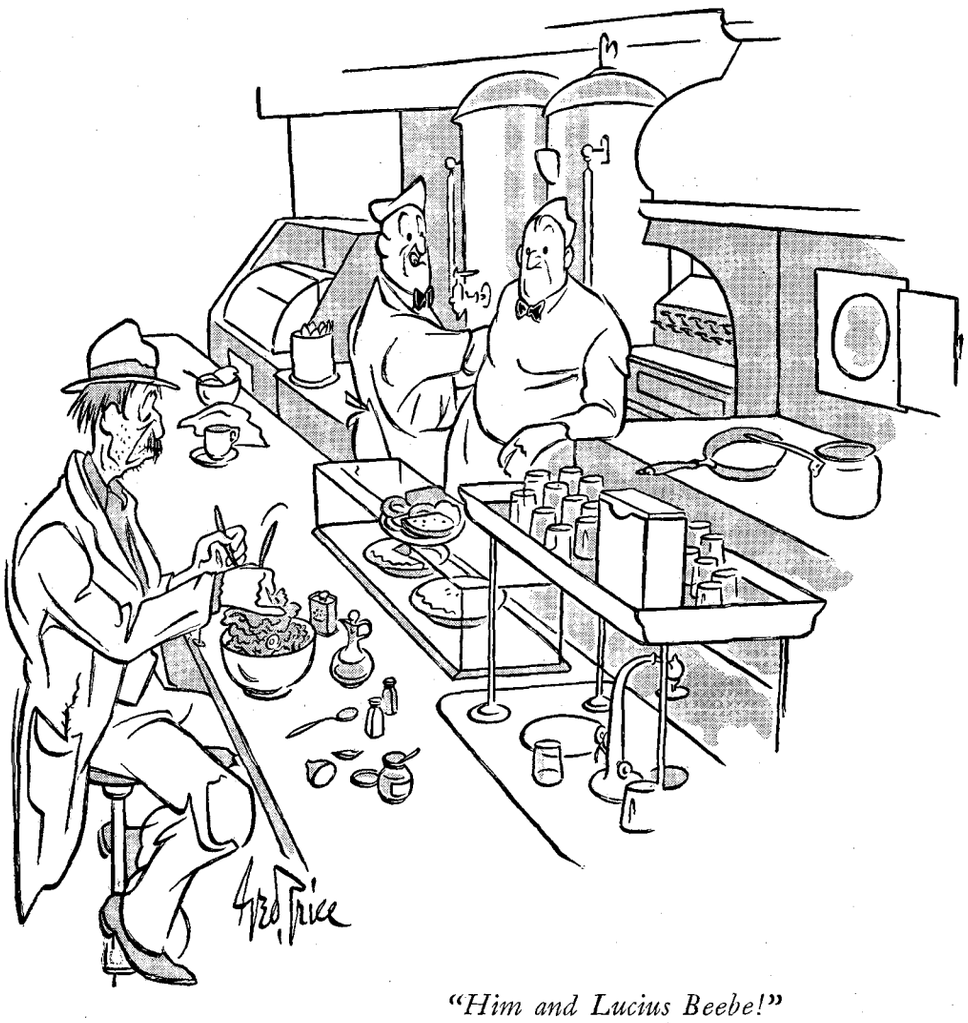
## MAKING IT DIRTY FOR THEM

I WENT down one morning not long ago to take a look at the Home Guard Training School in Guerrilla Warfare at Osterley Park, Lord Jersey's estate just outside London, in a district which used to be rural but is now mostly covered with a rash of factories and neat suburban villas. If England is invaded, the Home Guard, which is an army of a million and a quarter men originally christened the Local Defence Volunteers, is likely to be very useful. Its recruits are men who, for one reason or another, haven't been called for active service and whose job it will be to harass the enemy, in whatever part of the country he tries to land, while the regular troops are coming up. The Home Guard will do what it can to obstruct parachute or troop-plane landings and, by shepherding the civilian population, to prevent a repetition of the pitiful refugee traffic which blocked roads and held up operations in France and Belgium. For maneuvers of this kind, the set tactics of standard military training are obviously no good, and the guerrilla school at Osterley came into being to teach as many members of the Home Guard as possible a more flexible method of warfare evolved in the Spanish Civil War by men with plenty of courage and ingenuity but little equipment.

At the moment, the school, which so far is the only thing of its kind in England, has purely private backing; the War Office smiles benignly on the project but hasn't yet given it official standing. It is possible that high military circles take the cautious attitude that a people's army trained and armed for a people's war might be too much like placing dynamite near that sacred body of law, the British constitution. At any rate, however lagging the official recognition of the school may be, the public reaction has been swift and enthusiastic. The course, which is free, is only a two-day affair attended by about a hundred men at a time, and there's a waiting list of applicants. Any member of the Home Guard may enroll, but most of those who do so are company or platoon officers who pick up what ideas they can to take back and pass on to the others in their units. Some bring flea bags and doss down for the night under canvas, but most of them, whether or not their homes are in London, prefer to commute from town.

Driving down to the school from the London headquarters of the organization sponsoring it, I shared a car with one of the instructors, a Major Vernon, and a large model airplane which he was going to use later in a demonstration of dive-bombing. He asked whom I knew at the school, and when I told him I had a letter of introduction to its director, Tom Wintringham, he said he thought Wintringham and his wife wouldn't be on hand till afternoon, but that that didn't matter and I could look around all I wanted. Turning in at Lord Jersey's lodge gates, we bumped up a shocking road full of potholes, made, the Major explained, by the tanks and gun carriages of a mechanized unit which had been drilling somewhere in the neighborhood. Presently we jounced to a standstill beside some parked cars, a camouflaged field tent, and a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen, at which two or three overalled ladies were getting tea urns into position. Not far away, on a stretch of sunburnt grass bordered by some fine old trees, was a group of men gathered informally, either sitting on the ground or on canvas chairs, around a low platform from which someone was giving a lecture—a talk on street fighting, Major Vernon said. He suggested that I go over and listen in. The lecturer, I saw when I got near, was a blond young man in a khaki shirt, corduroy trousers, and brown suède shoes. He had a pleasantly brisk and humorous manner and his audience was listening to him with close attention and evident enjoyment. There were men of all ages in the group, some of them in the Home Guard uniform of khaki denim and some in ordinary street suits. Those in uniform had laid their rifles on the grass alongside them. There were men of obviously military bearing and dress—retired colonels and majors, probably—and there were men in dark business suits who looked as though they would have been happier sitting behind a desk in a broker's office than squatting on the dusty grass in the hot sun. Nearly everybody took down notes from time to time.

The lecturer was talking about methods of searching a house. "When all's



*"Him and Lucius Beebe!"*

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said and done, there's nothing to beat the old gag of poking a steel helmet round the corner of a door on a bayonet," he told the men. "Believe me, it takes a superman not to squeeze his trigger when that helmet comes round the corner. Don't be rash, either; you may feel a bit of a fool crawling on your stomach over a nice pile carpet in some total stranger's drawing room, but you'd feel a lot worse with a bit of lead in your guts." His audience snickered uneasily, but cheered up when he asked them what the most useful weapon for street fighting was. Like good pupils sure of the answer, they roared, "Smoke bombs!" The lecturer nodded approvingly, and went on, "Yes, smoke bombs, Mills bombs, and, of course, the Tommy gun. I hope it won't be long before the Home Guard gets issued with Tommy guns, because, although other people may have different opinions about them for fighting at close range in a limited space—say, in a bathroom—they're useful things. I know what I'm talking about, because I once had to fight in a bathroom with a Tommy gun," he said, smiling gently. "It was useful—very." The military gentlemen gazed at him doubtfully, as though slightly shocked by the idea of battle in such unorthodox surroundings. The man sitting next to me said that the lecturer's name was Hugh Slater, and that he had been Officer in Charge of Communications with the International Brigade in Spain.

Slater now invited questions. Someone asked him if he was in favor of including women in the Home Guard, and he said he wasn't. The questioner, who perhaps had a wife with militant ideas, looked relieved. It wasn't, Slater said, that women weren't tough enough, but in Spain they had proved themselves quite appallingly foolhardy, and he added that of course there were plenty of ways in which a corps of determined housewives could make themselves a nuisance to the enemy without actually fighting. In answer to someone else, Slater said that the Home Guard must be prepared for a surprise attack by the Germans, who would depend on speed for success. He reminded them of the stationmaster at Amiens who waved a train out and turned round and said "What can I do for you, sir?" to a man who had surprised him very much by being dressed in the uniform of a German soldier. Of course, as everyone knew by now, the man really was a German soldier, a part of that first infiltration of motorcyclists who would never have been allowed to get through if the civilian population had stayed put. Such things mustn't be allowed to happen here, Slater told the men. "The whole of England is now one solid defence position," he said. "If you come from a village in the heart of it, you're as much in the front line as if you lived in Dover." When the discussion was over, my neighbor, a thin, humorous-eyed man in glasses, who wore the dark-blue tabs of a company commander on his shoulders, remarked that Slater had been very fine. "For toughness, though," he said, "you ought to have heard the bird who talked to us yesterday. They say that Hawhaw has already named him Public Enemy No. 2 because he told us how to contaminate the drinking water in German-occupied territory by killing dogs and chucking them down the wells." He told me that this hadn't gone over too successfully with the audience, nor had a few hints on how to wriggle up to a sentry and garrote him with a wire noose. "When this tough fellow got through talking," the thin man went on, "one old boy—looked like a general or something—snorted, 'That's not the clean, British Army way of fighting, sir.' Well," my friend chuckled softly, "this isn't a clean war, either. If the Germans try to come over here, it's going to be as dirty for them as we can make it."

AFTER a short break in which the men stretched and chatted together, everyone sat down again to listen to Major Vernon, my companion of the automobile, lecture on airplanes. He was noticeably older than Slater, with bristling gray hair and a cheery grin, and I gathered as he talked that he had done some aircraft-designing. When he spoke of a seaplane he had helped to build, he beamed shyly, as though he were describing some amatory triumph. He said that it was pretty certain the Germans had already mapped out all of England as good, possible, and impossible landing grounds for troop-carrying planes and that as fast as open spaces were made impractical for landings the enemy was bringing its maps up to date. Some of the methods being employed by the British to make their fields useless would be no good if the Germans were prepared to risk belly landings, as they probably were, the Major said. He described some of the better ways of making a field useless and gave instructions on how to cripple a plane on the ground if you were lucky enough to sneak past the enemy's guards. Then he turned to dive-bombing and explained, with the help of the model plane which had been my fellow-passenger in the car, exactly where to place a rifle shot so that there would be a chance of putting either the pilot or something vital in the plane's mechanism out of action. (Next day a unit of the Home Guard actually brought a bomber down with rifle fire.) "If there's any dive-bombing going on, throw yourself on the ground—but not on your face," Major Vernon said. "Lie on your back and have a crack at them. But tie a khaki handkerchief over your nose and mouth. Otherwise, the first thing the pilot is going to see is your white face. No matter how sunburnt it is, it's going to look white from the air—looming up at him—and he'll give you a burst of machine-gunning."

The class split up, half of it following the Major into the shade of the trees, where he posted some snipers in pits and gave them a practical demonstration of dive-bombing, with the model plane zooming down from overhead on wires. I stood around a while, watching, and it seemed pretty nasty even in miniature. Then I joined the other half, which had gone to the far end of the field, where two Spaniards from the International Brigade, named Ricardo and Philipe, were giving a class in bomb-throwing. Ricardo was demonstrating how quickly a man can move on his stomach, either slithering sideways or travelling in a series of jerky bounds. Slight but wiry, he would throw a dummy bomb and then scuttle away, looking rather like a keen, intelligent terrier. When the pupils tried it, most of them didn't collapse smartly enough on their faces after throwing the bombs. "You would be dead now, I think," Ricardo told them politely. One elderly man got up dusting the knees of his trousers and panting cheerfully, "At fifty-five, you begin to feel this sort of thing, by Jove!" Ricardo then pretended to be a sentry, tramping up and down while the class crawled anxiously toward him in a semicircle. "When you see my face, you lie flat," he explained. "When you see my back, throw the bomb—but wait, please, till I tell you. Ready? Ready?" He walked toward them and they flattened out. "All right!" Ricardo turned his back to them and then jumped to the protection of a little shelter, against which the dummy bombs rattled like balls at a country-fair coconut shy. As the men tried to wriggle away on their stomachs, Ricardo came out and stood watching the efforts of these kid-

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ding, good-tempered Britishers with the inscrutable expression of a professional to whom bomb-throwing had frequently not been an occasion for jollity on a summer morning in the beautiful park of an English nobleman.

THERE was an hour off for lunch, which most of the men ate at the local pub, just outside the lodge gates. The lodge itself is a pretty piece of Palladian nonsense, and I remembered how last year, in that already faintly fabulous prewar summer, Lord Jersey and his wife had given a Georgian ball at Osterley which had resulted in the appearance in the weekly illustrated papers of a lot of luscious group pictures arranged by Cecil Beaton after Gainsborough. Today, the afternoon sun was scorching hot, and after lunch a number of the audience loosened their tunics as they gathered round to listen to Captain Hay, a British Army officer home on sick leave from the Northwest Frontier, give a lecture on fieldworks. Every now and then a squadron of British planes would roar overhead and people would look up at them thoughtfully. That afternoon, we learned later, Croydon was bombed for the first time, but no sirens sounded at Osterley.

Captain Hay talked well. He dealt with how to make a road block. "Some of the timid road blocks you see about the place wouldn't stop a Baby Austin," he snapped. As a distraction to draw enemy fire, he recommended the use of a Chinese soldier, which is a wooden man that moves when you pull a string. There were one or two questions about specifications for mixing concrete, and most of the students wrote busily in their notebooks. "If the squire's house is in the way, pull it down and use the doors for shuttering," said the Captain briskly. This was strong meat for many of his listeners, who had probably been brought up on the idea that though you may have lived across the street from a man for years, you don't go inside his front gate without an invitation. Sensing the shock, Captain Hay cried truculently, "You must get out of the idea that there's any such rubbish as private property in this war! When the invasion comes, such a thing won't exist. All you've got to think of is what will happen if these filthy Nazis come and beat us."

MR. WINTRINGHAM, the director of the school, turned up and was pointed out to me. He was discussing something with a couple of officers from the War Office, who were sitting on the grass just behind us, looking dignified but uncomfortable. He was a man of around forty, bald, spectacled, and chubbily smiling. I might have imagined him in some mild scholastic setting if I hadn't known that he had commanded the British Battalion in Spain and that he was an expert on the kind of tactics the Home Guard will be needing when the real Battle of Britain begins. His wife, a small, vivacious lady from New York, came over to talk to me and we chatted about the school for a while. Ricardo strolled past us, lovingly nursing what could have been a bottle of port done up in newspapers but which Mrs. Wintringham told me was a Molotov bomb, one of those homemade hand grenades, consisting of explosives in a bottle, which were used so effectively by civilians in Spain. "He's going to end up by throwing it at a dummy tank," she said. "These Spanish boys always love that. The other day we had some real tanks down here and the boys simply couldn't resist it. A Molotov bottle just happened to fly out of someone's hands as a tank went by. It made a swell blaze, but Tom was awfully worried."

A PRACTICAL demonstration of a road block was the last performance of the day. We all went about a quarter of a mile down the road and waited for the show. Presently an old car came along, towing a trailer with sides made of realistically clattering sheets of corrugated iron to make it resemble a tank. Ricardo's pupils hurled dummy bombs at the trailer from pits on either side of the road while, at a signal from a nearby blockhouse, half a dozen more Home Guards hastily started to drag a barbed-wire barricade into place. Once the men had to stop to let a farm wagon through. The driver had his wife and kids along, sitting on top of a load of hay, and they seemed surprised and embarrassed to find themselves so conspicuous. While the wagon passed, the beautiful afternoon suddenly got into character—the creaking cart, the heavily foliaged English trees, the old house sunning itself peacefully across the lake. Then Wintringham shouted, "O.K.! Come along, motorcycle troops!" and half a dozen Boy Scouts on bicycles came pedalling furiously down the road ahead of the car, looking as though they were enjoying themselves. The high spot was reached when the dummy tank exploded a land mine which was slipped into its path and Ricardo, looking like a youngster who wakes up and finds it's Christmas, chucked his Molotov bomb. It fell short and broke in the road, amid ironical

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Along with those disreputable old buckskin shoes, aged grey flannels and venerable odd jackets that ought to carry service stripes (or at least win their numerals) for all the years they've served as campus landmarks...well-advised Undergraduates going back to college, and Upper-Formers returning to school, are also packing up a lot of brand-new things without over-stepping the budget. Brooks' Young Men's Department has exactly the clothes they want to wear, at the prices they want to pay. *Young Men's Suits $42 to $52.*

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cheers from the onlookers, and the liquid which poured out of the broken bottle ignited and burned fiercely. "Oh, bad luck, Ricky!" cried Mrs. Wintringham. "All the same," she said to me, "it's burning a whole lot better than the one he used last. Maybe it's a new mixture —they keep on experimenting all the time." The War Office men advanced majestically, took a look at the flames, and said a few kind words to the crestfallen Ricky. Their smartly tailored uniforms, gay with red tabs and medal ribbons, made a queer contrast to his informal attire of shorts and open shirt. Maybe it summed up the difference between the old way of fighting with all the correct tactics and the new way of fighting with brains and anything that's handy.

PERFORMERS and spectators went back to the Y.M.C.A. canteen and had tea and buns. Everyone was in great good humor. It might have been the end of a long, lazy cricketing afternoon under the elms. It was difficult to remember that these men had been practicing a far more deadly game, which at any moment may be played in grim earnest without dummy tanks and bombs and with dive-bombers which don't zoom down wires. Some of the Home Guard drove off in cars, but the majority walked to the Osterley Tube station to catch a train into London. The thin man who had told me about Slater called to a newly made friend, "So long! See you in the invasion!" and marched off, his forage cap set at a jaunty angle above his peeling nose. Presently I went too. Just ahead of me I could see a group of the inelegant khaki figures plodding along and whistling until they turned a corner and disappeared among the rows of neat little houses and bright gardens which one day they may be called upon to die for.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

If you are a good infielder and would like to take a trip to Martinsburg, W. Va. tomorrow, call RA 5026 tonight after 6. The Petworth A.C. has a game scheduled there and needs a first baseman, second baseman, third baseman and shortstop.

—*Washington Daily News.*

Who said opportunity was dead?

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**DEPT. OF ENGLISH LITERATURE**

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

Katharine Brush requires for composition a dozen typewriters, each in a different pastel shade to suit the mood and humor of the moment.

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# ALL RIGHT, I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME

FROM time to time I've heard people say that the New York public is a dull, spiritless group, inclined to be inattentive to extraordinary occurrences, like eclipses and parachute invasions, in its midst. That's a lie. The New York public is the most discomfortingly observant lot I have ever seen, and if I were a lady and habitually given to showing my slip, I think the public would by now have turned me into a nervous, tottering wreck. I am pretty close to that as it is, because of a trying experience I had the other day. Like a good part of the public, I own a car, which carries me more or less comfortably around the local countryside. I say local because I never go very far in my car; I like to be within cruising distance of my own Lafayette Street garage, where there are a host of amiable mechanics qualified to deal with transmissions and differentials and other automotive details I don't understand.

The trying experience occurred during an excursion I rashly made last week to Long Island, where I visited some friends whose house is 32.8 miles from Columbus Circle. I started back toward town shortly after lunch, and noticed before I had covered much ground that the dashboard knob which regulates my headlights was loose and wobbly. I pulled at it experimentally and it came right off in my hand, a state of affairs I instantly judged to be irregular, if not actually dangerous. I checked with my speedometer, which was still firmly attached to its moorings, and calculated that I was 30.9 miles from my garage, where they know how to fasten light switches to dashboards. It was broad daylight, of course, and I had no need of lights, so I tossed the detached knob into the glove compartment and drove on. I had gone only a couple of hundred yards farther when a man who had been standing at the side of the road looking off into space whirled around, pointed at me dramatically, and yelled, "Lights!" I realized then that my headlights were on and that there wasn't anything I could do to turn them off, short of steering into a telephone pole.

On the highways you often see cars with headlights turned on in the daytime. I had always assumed that the drivers of these vehicles were charging their batteries, or discharging them, or whatever it is you do by keeping your lights on when you don't have to. Therefore I figured that I could enter New York inconspicuously, disguised as a man who was purposely reconditioning a maladjusted battery. I did not reckon with the public. Somebody must have passed along word of my approach, for the public streamed to both sides of the Grand Central Parkway and decided unanimously to indicate to me that my lights were on. By actual count, four hundred and seventy-nine people, including children, took some vocal cognizance of my passage. Two hundred and twenty-three, belonging to the informative school, shouted "Lights on!" or the abbreviated "Lights!" Two hundred and eighteen, more on the admonitory side, shouted "Lights off!" or, for short, "Lights!" The other thirty-eight people indulged in somewhat lengthy remarks, all of which began with "Hey, Bud," or its equivalent.

Early in the trip I tried to explain politely to a number of people what had happened by shouting back over my shoulder, or by nodding to signify my awareness of the situation, or by taking my hands off the wheel and extending them outward in what I hoped would be interpreted as a gesture of helplessness. By the time I had done any of these things, however, most of my informants were several hundred yards behind me and already indifferent to my problem. I couldn't shake them all off, though. The most dogged messengers of enlightenment were those in other cars, representatives of that great fraternity of motorists who wouldn't lift a jack handle if you really needed any assistance on the road. They honked horns, edged out of line to draw up abreast of me and tell me what was going on, or drove close behind me, flashing their own lights on and off so that the reflections would bounce off my rear-view mirror and hit me in the eyes.

BY the time I had crossed the Triborough Bridge my hands were trembling on the steering wheel, but the Long Island phase of my journey, it turned out, was idyllic compared to the reception awaiting me in Manhattan. My garage is way downtown, of course, and at every traffic light north

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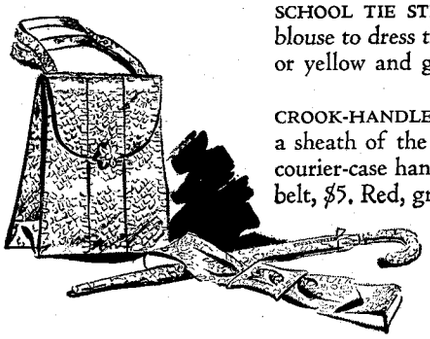

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of it there seemed to be an emergency meeting of one of the various branches of my council of advisers. Truck-drivers, postmen, street-cleaners, children playing on the sidewalks, and ladies leaning out of windows all shrieked at me, some of them almost a block away. Going crosstown through crowded streets, I felt as if I were running a gantlet.

I finally sighted my garage and swerved in happily. As I did, one of the attendants whom I had always regarded as a sympathetic friend stepped out from behind a gas pump, held up his hand, and said, "Mr. Kahn, your lights . . ." I pinned him neatly against the pump before he could finish his sentence. —E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

## CRIME IN THE MYSTERIES

Baffle me, puzzle me, toss me a riddle
With twenty locked doors and a corpse in the middle—
All the employers and servants suspected,
And even the relatives slightly connected—
With fingerprints, daggers, and shots in the night!
Why, ten to a dollar I'll work it out right.

But never, oh never, harass me, I pray,
With timetables bringing the villain to bay,
Such as "Murderer left at a quarter to ten;
At 12:57 he sneaked in again."
"From 9:52 until 9:54
The butler swears nobody came to the door."
"The body was found about eight by the sink."
Bring me the algebra, Jeeves—and a drink! —Virginia Brasier

•

Then, when increasing quantities of the other factors are applied to the fixed factor, the average output per unit of input of the variable factors increases up to an optimum point, at which it stands at a maximum. Thereafter, output per unit of input diminishes, a point being ultimately reached at which total output declines with any further input of the variable factors. The variable factors have to be applied at each step in optimum proportions to one another, i.e., in proportions which, when the variable factors are applied to the fixed factor, give at each stage a higher output than would result from combining them in any alternative ways.—*From "Population Theories and Their Application—with Special Reference to Japan," by E. F. Penrose.*

You're not putting *us* out any.

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# THE RACE TRACK

*Carrousel*

THE more you see of Aqueduct, the more you're going to miss Saratoga. The curves of the Queens County Jockey Club's reconstructed merry-go-round mile track have been done over and banked, so that horses won't scoot off into the parking lot when they speed up at the stretch turn, but the paddock is still as full of county-fair hoopla as it was the afternoon last June when a trainer artlessly asked the way to the pink-lemonade stand. All the sweepstakes at Aqueduct will be run on Saturdays, though I think some might just as well be run on Wednesdays, when the box office, for some reason, always seems to do very well. This weekend we'll see the Babylon Handicap, which will bring out some of the also-rans in the Hopeful Stakes, and the Bay Shore Handicap, for older sprinters. The Edgemere Handicap on September 14th should be interesting, if for no other reason than that it's a $10,000 event. A first-class guessing game would be trying to pick the winner of the Beldame Handicap on September 21st, and I'll throw in the Junior Championship Stakes the same afternoon.

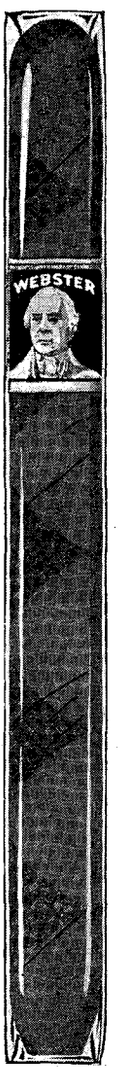
ALMOST nobody remembers a better race than the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga last week, in which Challedon beat Isolater; there really couldn't have been a much better one, for the two horses ran together throughout the mile and a quarter and finished inches apart. However, exciting as the race was, it was too close to add to the greater glory of Challedon, who, for reasons that escape me, has been called a champion for a long time. He carried only the same weight as Isolater. The title of champion seems a good deal more distinction than Challedon deserves on the basis of his performances last season, when ten horses beat him. He's not likely to acquire much kudos in what's left of this year, either, for unless William L. Brann, who owns him, changes his mind, Challedon will run in just a few more races—and positively only weight-for-age ones. Challedon is a strapping fellow, quite up to winning under 140 pounds, which he might well be forced to carry if he raced in handicaps, but I've always believed that it is an owner's privilege to run his horses in whatever he chooses. Anyhow, Charlie Howard will breathe a bit easier, for if Challedon went after the big handicaps, it's quite likely that he'd pass Seabiscuit's record money-winning mark of $437,730. He'd only have to win around $140,000 to tie it.

As you probably know, Challedon is by an English stallion named Challenger II, out of a mare named Laura Gal, whom Mr. Brann bought from William Woodward for $2,050. Mr. Brann imported Challenger II ten years ago and sent the colt to Agua Caliente for the $100,000 handicap that was formerly run out there. Challenger II used to race every Sunday, as part of his training, along with an Australian horse named Tea Tray. The furious battles of the two for last place were the talk of the track; one week Challenger II would finish last, just behind Tea Tray, and the next week the positions would be reversed. One day, Mr. Brann bet on Challenger II to win a race. This sent the bookmakers into a terrible dither, for the colt's odds were 30–1, or something like that, but Challenger II considerately came in last again, trailing Tea Tray.

IF that four-mile Marathon Championship Handicap in Chicago the other day had not been a matter to sigh over, it would have been almost amusing. One of the five starters, Flat Lance, fell (some say from exhaustion); another, named English Harry, didn't fall but refused to go more than three miles. A horseman who saw it all insisted that the winner, Winning Mark, pulled up in the stretch and rested before finishing. Well, Saratoga jumpers can do better than that.

AS you might expect, it's an expensive business shipping horses across the Atlantic in these times. When Bahram, a Derby-winning son of Blandford, arrived here from England aboard a Belgian freighter recently, the papers reported that Alfred Vanderbilt, Walter Chrysler, Jr., and a number of others had bought him from the Aga Khan for $160,000. So far as I know, however, no mention was made of the fact that the animal was insured for $200,000 during the trip across the Atlantic, and that the premium amounted to $30,000. Vanderbilt says Bahram looks more like his old horse Heelfly than anything he ever saw.

—AUDAX MINOR

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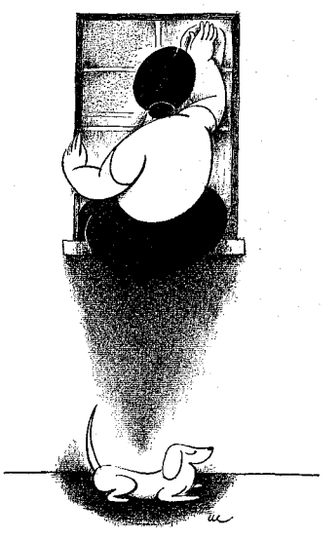
# SOMETHING ELSE TO THINK ABOUT

AS Steve sat waiting for Peggy, he moved his glass of beer round and round in the circle of moisture on the top of the bar. This would be the last evening they'd spend together. He was leaving for Chicago the next day, and for some strange reason he was almost glad of it. All summer they had been as close to each other as two people could possibly be, and he doubted if he could have stuck these last two months in New York without her. His job hadn't meant much to him—it was merely a brief period of training before he started working in his father's office in Chicago. And although at first he had thought living in New York was going to be swell, his enthusiasm hadn't lasted. His old man had given him enough so that he could afford an apartment of his own, and he had plenty of spending money, but passing through New York on his way to school was one thing and living there was another.

To begin with, he hadn't counted on the heat. Even in Chicago he had never experienced anything like it. All day the sun beat down steadily on the city, and then in the evening, when everyone expected to cool off, the heat just kept on coming. It came from everywhere, up from the streets, out from the walls of the buildings, and down from the sky. Steve was afraid he was going crazy after the first two weeks, and he thought about chucking the whole thing and taking a train for home. After he found Peggy there was something else to think about.



He had first seen her early in July in one of the smaller Fifty-second Street bars. He often dropped in there after work because it was close to his apartment. She was sitting alone, drinking a rum Collins, and he noticed her right away. She seemed different and younger than the other women in the place, and she looked cool and fresh. At first he didn't know whether to speak to her or not, because he figured she was too pretty a girl to be sitting alone in a place like that, but when someone put a nickel in the automatic phonograph he got up his nerve and asked her to dance. She was a good dancer and he liked the way she talked. They stayed together the whole evening, and when it began to get late he walked home with her. It was still hot and sticky, but he didn't mind. The place where she lived was a remodelled brownstone house, and he said good night to her and watched her as she ran up the steps.

The next couple of nights he met her at the bar, and then things began to happen pretty fast. She told him she was married and that her husband was an assistant purser on a boat that was away on a cruise. From the way she talked about him, Steve could tell she didn't like him at all. That was one of the things that drew them together—the fact that she let him know how tough things were for her. For a while that was all there was to it. He liked her because she was such good company, and he felt sorry for her. He didn't even suspect he had fallen for her until the Saturday afternoon she came up to his apartment on Lexington Avenue. They were going to a movie and he had forgotten his glasses, and when he started up the stairs she was ahead of him. Before they reached his door he knew that she didn't have anything on under her gray-green dress.

From then on they saw each other fairly often. Sometimes they met during his lunch hour, and by the middle of August he had it pretty bad. He had enough money to take her places two or three times a week, and when she told him how close her husband was with her, he even began to buy her a few clothes—summer things that didn't cost much. First he bought her a blouse which they saw in a window on Madison Avenue, and then he bought her a skirt, and a couple of foolish-looking hats, and a pair of white open-toed shoes. It got so he couldn't look in a store window without thinking how pretty she'd be in the clothes that were shown there, and he would give her money so that she could go around to the place the next day. She began to look better all the time, and it made him feel proud to think that he was the one who was responsible for it.

AS Steve sat waiting for Peggy at the little bar tonight, he didn't see how he could bring himself to say goodbye to her for good. He wondered why he felt so strange about it, as though he couldn't bear to leave her and at the same time was almost happy underneath.

When she came he got down from the stool and they went to the other side of the room and sat at a table. Neither of them said much of anything. They looked at each other and he thought of the nights they had been here before, and of how, after dinner, they had usually gone over to his apartment. He ate slowly, trying to drag out the time because it was the last night, but he could sense a certain haste in her eating, an impatient tilt to her head that he had not noticed before. When they had finished their coffee he ordered two brandies and they began to talk a little. There wasn't much to be said, and no matter what they started talking about, it seemed to come around to the fact that he was leaving. He ordered another drink, and they sipped it and smiled at one another.

The second drink made Steve feel more cheerful, and he wondered if he oughtn't to stay over another night so as to sort of put things off. He paid the check and they started to walk over to his place. He took her arm, glad to be walking side by side, pressed close to her.

It was past nine o'clock and so hot that after a couple of blocks he drew away and merely held her hand. When they reached his apartment he took out his key to unlock the door. As he turned the key in the lock, he realized it would be easier if they didn't go in. They stood in front of the door a minute and then turned and ran down the steps.

They started walking toward Forty-fifth Street. He felt pretty good about not going into his place, and pretty good about taking her back home. After all, it was where she belonged, no matter how much he hated thinking about that part of it. He took a small package out of his pocket and gave it to her; it was a watch she had admired, and she was so pleased with it that for a moment he thought she was going to cry.

He had never before gone farther than the stoop of her apartment. She opened the front door and started up the two narrow flights of stairs ahead of him. He saw that she was wearing the same gray-green dress she had worn the first time she had come up to his place. He remembered how pretty it had looked, draped like a scarf across the top of his table.

He had planned to say casually "Give my best to your husband, Peggy" when

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he left her—just as though he were an old friend of the family. He thought it might make her laugh. Now here he was, climbing the stairs with her, and suddenly he didn't want her to laugh, or talk, or say anything at all.

When they reached the top of the stairs, she looked at him. He kissed her hard, and she turned and opened the door and walked across the room to pull down the shades. Standing in the doorway, he wondered what it was going to feel like with all her husband's stuff around. He decided he wouldn't like it a little bit, and when she came back to him he said the things he had planned, even the part about giving his best to her husband. For some reason she laughed harder than he had expected her to. Her laughter followed him down the two flights of steps, as though it were chasing him.

On the first floor a man stopped him. "Pardon me, Bud," he asked, "but what floor is Peggy on?"

Steve was too busy with his own thoughts to answer him or to notice that the man asked for Peggy by her first name. He had a lost feeling, like nothing he had ever known before. And though every step took him farther away from her, he knew that if he stopped walking, even for a minute, he would be on his way back. He could never feel for any other girl what he felt now for Peggy, but it was not right, even so. She was not somebody he had any right to see.

IT wasn't until he was more than halfway home that he began to put a lot of things together the way they should be. Tomorrow he would be on the train heading for Chicago, and he wanted to have it all straight and settled about her before he went, so there wouldn't be any regrets when it was too late. The last piece to fall into place was the man he had met in the hall and the way he asked for Peggy by her first name. And then suddenly Steve remembered it was just a single room she had, not an apartment at all, and knew why she laughed so hard when he said goodbye.

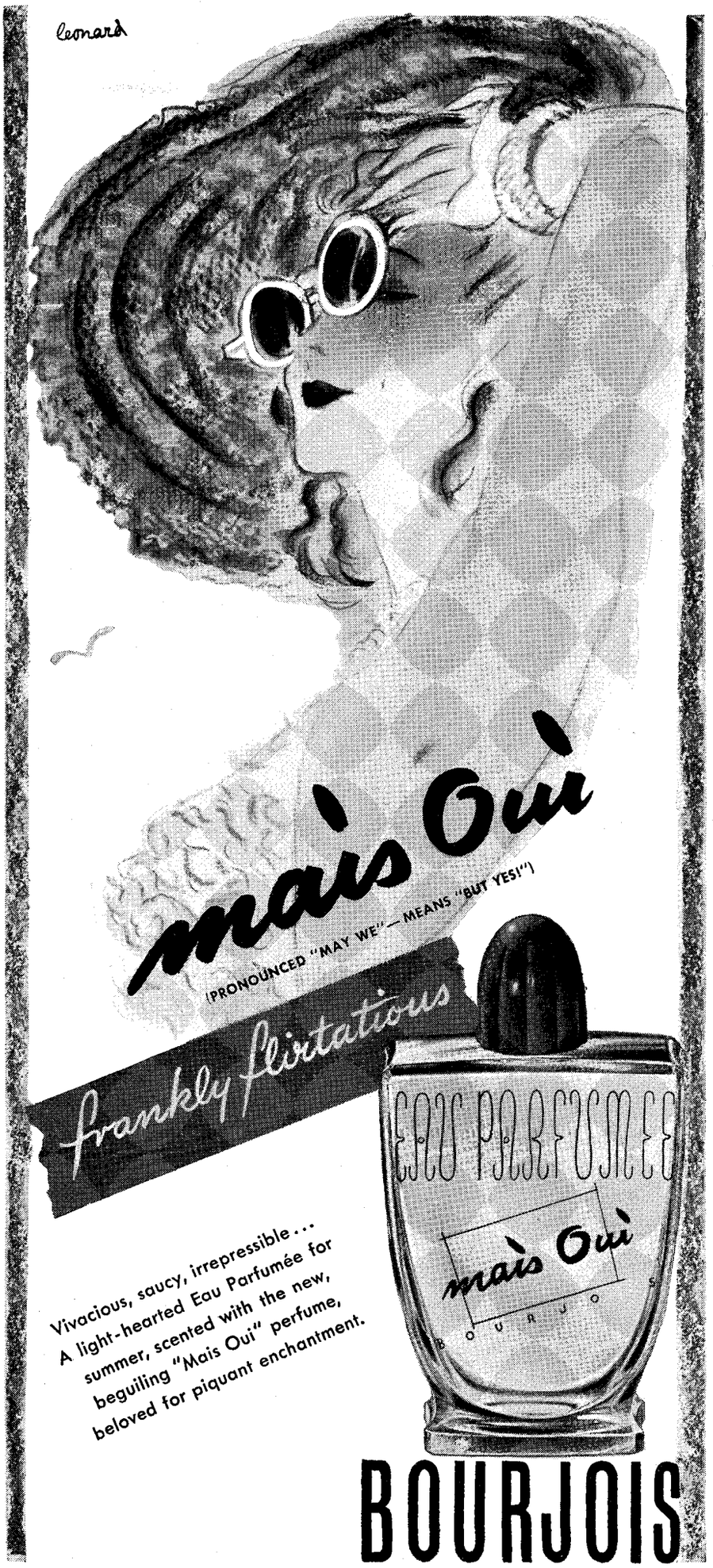
—W. A. POWERS

•

### PAY YOUR NICKEL

If we fail in this world it is because we have not put all our strength in the effort and we were so occupied with little things that we forgot our religion.—*Bishop Mikell, quoted in the Times, July 22nd.*

The beginning of all success, it was pointed out, is to be found in attention to little things.—*The Reverend Albert L. Niebacher, reported in the Times, same day.*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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

HOLLYWOOD

IT wasn't so long ago that the columns of the daily press were being enlivened at least once a month by the futile bleats of this and that Hollywood fashion designer scolding at the injustice of magazine fashion critics. For years each of these chafing souls had many chances to point out, bitterly, that it was not fair to estimate his or her talents by, say, a dress designed for Miss Joan Crawford in a rôle portraying a flashy creature of dubious virtue. Time and again the Western designers remarked that Miss Mae West had never played the character of a Palm Beach social leader and that her costumes were not dreamed up to compete with those planned by Molyneux or Mainbocher for fashionable resorts. They howled that for movies depicting smart modern life, they were creating just as chic clothes as anybody, but that the critics never gave them a break on these, either. Some of the Hollywood fashion people even put their necks out so far as to contend that they were just as good as Paris any time. And nobody cared. Though the paranoid protests of the movie couturiers made elegant and furious copy, the haut monde of fashion continued to treat them with disdain.

But, ah, my friends, what a difference just a few months make! During the summer, out of every airplane and streamliner from the East, the same haughty critics have been tumbling, eager to sit humbly at the feet of such of the Hollywood Great as Adrian and Travis Banton and Greer and Irene of Bullock's-Wilshire. Without a word of apology for the snubs of the past, the visitors have proffered Hollywood the golden crown of fashion supremacy. They have announced, with burning, fanatic eyes, that it is the sacred duty of this town to be the centre of fashion while Paris is otherwise engaged. They have insisted that the West must immediately undertake a holy crusade to preserve the prestige of best-dressed women making entrances at Féfé's Monte Carlo.

Well, the driver's seat is a very comfortable place, and there is a dandy view. From it, the Hollywood boys and girls have been waving a weary hand at the anxious populace and saying, "Who, me? I'm awfully busy these days with Claudette's new picture. Haven't they any designers in New York?" Told that they must take time off from their high-priced studio jobs and create clothes for Seventh Avenue to copy so that Mrs. Jones can face her day with *élan*, they say, "Why don't those people back East buy a costume book? *We* always had to be on our own. *We* couldn't wait to see what Schiaparelli was going to do in February when we were ordered to do a modern picture in December. We had to look up books and get ideas of our own. Haven't they any books on Seventh Avenue?"

Frantically, their former enemies have suggested that all the Hollywood designers get together and do collections twice a year. Now, this is a manifestly impossible proposal. For one thing, there are inevitable jealousies and rivalries. For another, people here have sudden, violent pressure put upon them by their studios when they least expect it. Just in passing, I should think that an enterprising outside group might periodically consult the most recent pictures with modern settings, pick out the best clothes in them, and have these made up into collections from which Seventh Avenue could buy models for copying, as it once did in Paris. But Hollywood has neither the time nor the inclination to attend to that little matter itself.

Revenge is sweet, and these designers out here are human. They are adoring this new glory and flurry in an easy and gracious and highly superior fashion. Also, though they count themselves out of the race, being too busy with their own highly specialized jobs, they are talking plenty of sense about what others can do for the future of fashion in this country. They may smile indulgently at the despair of Eastern designers, but they also have faith in them. They say it's tough, kids, but you're going to have to knuckle down and go to work—after all, a genuinely creative person should be able to smell the inevitable change in a style and the direction it will take, no matter where his stamping ground happens to be. Hollywood's point is that it has been easy and tempting for us to lean on Paris and to get into the lazy habit of adapting instead of creating, but that now this prop has been removed we shall develop numbers of great designers of our own. The movie stylists say cheerfully that

*"Of course, that still leaves our Achilles' heel."*

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such folks as Hattie Carnegie and Bergdorf Goodman have always turned out beautiful clothes, frankly deriving their inspiration from Paris, and they generously insist that these leaders in the American scene will continue to turn out beautiful clothes, deriving inspiration from other sources.

The Hollywood designers don't wave flags around much. They are too busy to chatter a great deal about Americanism. But there seems to be a calm assumption here that people in the United States can rise to great heights in response to any challenge. Hollywood regards the present situation as a challenge also to our textile designers, recalling how, in the old days abroad, the fabrics developed by, say, Rodier could be counted on to provide the couturiers with some of their best ideas. Hollywood, too, is certain that once we get new groups of young American designers working closely with domestic fabric manufacturers, fashion creators of standing will emerge.

FOR my part, I am sure that we are in for a spell of some of the most awful clothes seen since the days of Hollywood's bouncing and flashy infancy. The shops will be finding new geniuses all over the place and will turn fierce spotlights on bewildered little ex-stock girls. Fashion critics will be uncovering new Alixes every ten minutes, and these bright young people are bound to overstrain in their efforts to make themselves worthy of all this sudden glory. Through the years, the Paris couturiers achieved a calm confidence in their rightness which gave them a sure touch the American designer, striving for recognition, has lacked. The American can't be expected to get that ease and assurance overnight. As a consequence, we'll be seeing clothes that are terribly self-conscious and over-eager. But we'll also be seeing beautiful clothes. Many of them will come out of Hollywood. That is, whenever the studios give their own designers a modern picture or a breathing spell between period pictures. You see, designers here are really fearfully busy. —L. L.

AND IN NEW YORK—

SOME people might think of Salt Lake City circa 1850 as one of the least likely sources of inspiration for a designer, but not Sally Victor, of 18 East 53rd Street, who has turned—and you'd never guess with what success—to the Mormons, among other strictly American types, for ideas about hats. Mrs. Victor believed in American themes long


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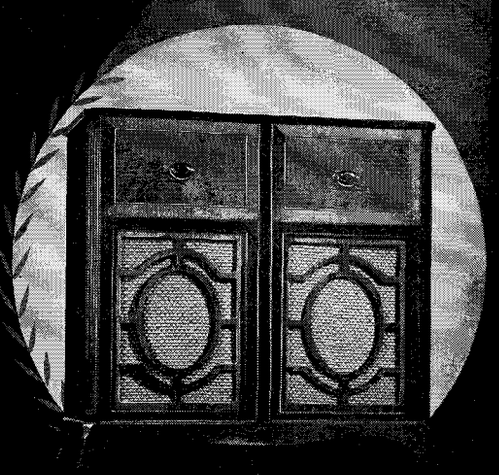

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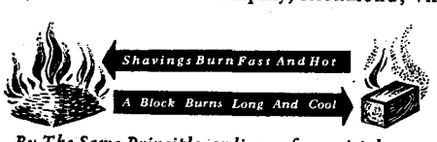


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Claude H. Bennett, General Manager


before the present hullabaloo over them, and this fall she's casting her lot with Brigham Young, the American Indian, and Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders. What I have been assured is authentic Mormon design appears in hats with square crowns and square brims. Many of these are bonnets, but none call for any of that pompadour nonsense you've heard so much about. Mr. Young might be surprised if he could see his weekday hat copied in gray felt, faced with rust suède, and trimmed with black grosgrain held neatly in place with brass paper clips, but any of the Mrs. Youngs would undoubtedly be glad to know that her bonnet, though still of broadcloth, has been brightened up with gaily colored blossoms which peep out above its small brim. The boat-shaped hats that Mormon ladies used to trim with bonnet strings and soft feathers now have veils edged with Chantilly lace sweeping over the shoulders and, despite their heritage, will surely go blithely out to cocktail parties.

Next, there's a lovely group of feathered hats in which Mrs. Victor insists she combines Mormon and Indian ideas. My favorite is an off-the-face sailor of beige felt lined with brown guinea-hen feathers—like an Indian headdress without being too frantic about it. A bonnet with a square brim is made of green felt and faced with peacock feathers; another in gray antelope has a covey of hummingbirds (at least they looked like hummingbirds to me) made of feathers in soft colors and perched in a row at the top of its high, turned-back brim. Come, Mrs. V., we can't give either the Mormons or the Indians credit for such finery. The Rough Rider models are executed in stitched green antelope, turned up sharply at one side, and lined with red. Then there's a suggestion of pioneer days in fuzzy beaver felts in bright colors with huge dipped brims and gay scarves around their peaked crowns; overseas caps are made of corduroy and are held firmly in place with jersey headbands; corduroy bonnets have masses of ribbon bows. Variety, as you can see, is endless. Everything is becoming, lively, and yet sane, and should do a lot to make your autumn a success.

GUNTHER, at 666 Fifth Avenue (53rd), has a coat in natural stone marten that is so beautiful I don't see why the designers here bother to produce another thing for at least a year. While there have been short, chunky coats in stone marten here before, there's never been one like this. It's simple, straight, full-length, cut along lines usually reserved for mink, and just as soft as a kitten. Suitable for day or evening, it's $2,750, and if you're tired of mink, this is heaven's own answer. Gunther appears to have the happy knack of eliminating bulk in coats of long-haired furs. You will find a full-length silver-fox evening coat, with a V neck and a short yoke, that looks much slimmer than most, and the same miracle has been performed with blue fox. At Gunther, they like brown and use it handsomely in a leopard-cat coat, unusually dark and sleek and slightly bloused above a wide grosgrain waistband, which gives it a graceful, formal touch. You'd hardly guess that this $450 affair uses the same fur schoolgirls wear in those harsh, shapeless coats of theirs. You may have it in beaver, too. Coats in Alaska seal dyed brown crop up frequently and may someday take the place of beaver. Of course, there are lots of black furs around here too.

Gunther's Budget Shop, where prices begin at about $100, can always be counted on to have something new. For sportswear, glance at a greatcoat in fisher coon, the like of which I never saw before. Although the fisher coon is related to the ordinary raccoon, its pelt looks entirely different, for it's as dark as fisher and as shaggy as a bear. They say it's very scarce and that they have enough skins for only a few coats. I loved one that had a small, standing collar and full sleeves; $325. There are fisher-coon jackets, too. Then there are hip-length coats in American opossum, which young things are supposed to adore. The hair is longer and coarser than our old friend Australian opossum, which you may prefer, and doesn't look much like it, either. Gunther has pert,

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hooded jackets in the Australian fur, so everyone should be satisfied.

MILLINERY and furs are not the only news around town these days. For one thing, the Salon Moderne at Saks-Fifth Avenue has a collection of custom dinner and evening clothes designed by Sophie Gimbel to make you ravishing. They are the casual, perfect type of things she does so well. Many have long, tight sleeves, and even the narrowest silhouette is sure to have fullness somewhere in the skirt. She says that she likes a covered-up look, and, to be sure, she does cover you up, even if there's usually a bit of skin gleaming through somewhere. For example, a black silk jersey dinner dress, backless but molded high over the bosom, has a single layer of chiffon banded with black lace to swathe you clear to the throat; the chiffon and lace are used again to make the long sleeves. It's wonderful. A silver lamé, childishly plain but naughtily cut, has a high turnover collar, beneath which it is narrowly slit down the back; black crêpe, spattered with fine rhinestone snowflakes, comes up high over the chest. An odd black dress has lace ruffles, looking like a muff, pressed flat across the stomach and a tunic back fastened primly with self-covered buttons. If you prefer a bright color and feel you can wear it, there is a poured-on affair of red jersey, a shade they've always liked here. This has circular shirring running from under the arm to the hip at either side, and detail as fine as any that ever came from France. Dining out being what it is today, many women simply don't feel well dressed unless they are jacketed. The Salon is ready for them, too, with a group of dinner suits on which paillettes are often used to give a touch of glamour. A white crêpe, for instance, which should brighten the darkest evening, has a dress girdled with what look like maple-tree seed pods, a reminder of nature that pops up time and again in the collection. They're in gold kid, so they won't look *too* real. The fitted coat that goes with this is made entirely of paillettes in a jagged white-and-gold pat-

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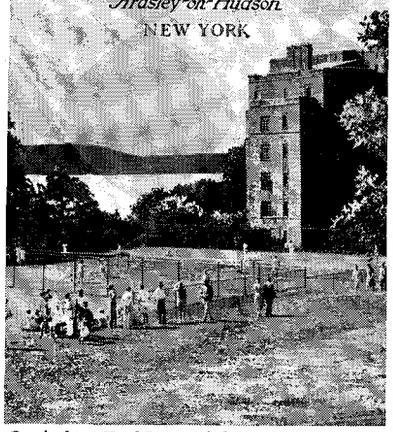
HUDSON HOUSE
AT Ardsley-on-Hudson
NEW YORK



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Westchester's most modern fireproof residential building, located in exclusive Ardsley Park across the road from the Ardsley Country Club with all its sports facilities, including Golf, Tennis, Squash and Swimming. Superbly appointed apartments, living rooms 25' long, equally spacious bedrooms, cross ventilation, woodburning fireplaces, extra maid's rooms, fireproof garage 24 hour service, latest mechanical laundry, and enclosed playground for the children. Covered way from house to station. 38 minutes from Grand Central.

*3½ to 6 rooms—1 to 4 baths*
*Choice Penthouses*
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RODIN'S
*Thinker*
WOULD STAND UP AND STOP WORRYING IF HE KNEW ABOUT THE

HOTEL WHITE
37TH AND LEXINGTON AVENUE

"A residential Hotel with transient conveniences." Here you will find beautifully appointed rooms and suites, most of which have serving pantries. 1 Large Room is from $3.50 daily, $70 monthly. 2 Room Suites are from $6 daily, $115 monthly. Here too, is the Gay and Sophisticated MARY MURRAY ROOM featuring sprightly entertainment and dancing at cocktail time. No minimum or cover.

*Direction, Emil H. Ronay*


tern. Paillettes also make the soft-pink-and-green flower that perches high on the lapel of an otherwise starkly plain black matelassé crêpe suit. If, at the moment, civilization seems more than you can bear, look at a dress of putty-colored velvet, with a narrow strip of leopard skin looped about the waist of the scalloped dress, giving it a cave-woman touch.

ADD-TO-BEAUTY HINT: Matchabelli has a brand-new lipstick that is gigantic, terrific, and superb. It's three and a half inches long and regal as a sceptre, and should take care of your lipstick needs for many months. What more could you ask? —M. M.

## MARKETS AND MENUS

### *Very Good News*

AFTER seeing all the fine things which the food shops and caterers have discovered during the summer to ease us painlessly into a new season, not only of parties but of breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, I am beginning to suspect that this resourceful nation can't be headed nearly as straight for disaster as the editorial writers would have us think. If we can produce the amazing tomatoes grown without soil, which are now for sale at Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop, 12 Vanderbilt Avenue (43rd), I see nothing to stop us from breeding unicorns, if that's what the General Staff decides we need. The tomatoes are grown in laboratories on the Frank Vanderlip ranch in California and flown here, and although the horticulturist, or chemist, who is responsible for them probably used an ordinary tomato as a pattern, he obviously wasn't following it any too closely. The chemical vegetable is far sweeter, firmer, and altogether more delicious than the American variety of the quaint old garden tomato and has all the fine flavor of the Italian or south-of-France specimens. It is, too, much more carefully graded as to size, and when you specify one of the three sizes in which it is sold, you get just that and no other. The little cocktail ones are my favorites, as they not only simplify but vastly improve the usual mixture of cocktail provender. The growers claim that the skin of the new tomato is thinner than that of the garden kind, but this, I think, is more the enthusiasm of a publicity release than horticultural fact, as I found rather the contrary to be true. Anyway, this new tomato has so many excellent qualities that its growers ought to admit it has a slightly thickish skin, just to make it all sound credible. I hate to tell you that

Murray Hill
goes MODERN
NEW APARTMENTS that are a challenging combination of luxury and sensible standards of economy—in the heart of historic old Murray Hill!
Featuring
3 ROOMS from $1200
Wide choice of interesting arrangements. All corner suites . . . dressing rooms . . . large foyers, some with dining section . . . wide view windows . . . 2 exposures . . . cross ventilation.
4-5 Room Duplex Terrace Suites, Penthouses
Doctors' Suites—Air Conditioned and Private Street Entrances
Also 4 Rooms from $1600
Roof Sun Terrace
Maid Service Available
EXHIBIT SUITES furnished by Intramural
September Occupancy
50 Park Ave
N.W. Corner 37th St.
Opposite Union League Club
Renting Office on Premises
MUrray Hill 5-0972 or
Douglas L. Elliman & Co
Management
15 East 49th St.
PLaza 3-9200

AN EXCITING FLAVOR

Epicures agree—the taste is indescribable; white meat quite different in taste from dark; exotic palate thrill. CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKED TURKEYS are cured in imported spices, smoked over fragrant applewood embers by the Forst family, who have prepared and smoked quality meats for more than seventy years. Golden-brown, premium birds; serve hot or cold; weight 8 to 18 lbs.; cost $1.25 a lb., money refunded if not satisfied; order from dealer or wire collect, The FORSTS, Rondout Sta. 1, Kingston, N. Y.

TIPTEX
TIPTEX
TRY TIPTEX IF YOUR NAILS CHIP, PEEL, OR SPLIT!
TIPTEX helps to lubricate the nail matrix, tends to promote suppleness and pliancy necessary in restoring beauty to nails marred by splitting, chipping or peeling. Does not affect color of polish.
$1 at Beauty Shops, Drug and Dept. Stores.
TIPTEX, INC.
212 B. Beaux Art Bldg.
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TIPTEX makes no claims in cases of organic or dietetic nail trouble.


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the brand name of this miracle is Chemato. Of all the unappetizing words!

Another new and completely delicious product is a rainbow trout, bred on a mountain ranch in Colorado and smoked there in a particularly delicate way. This is by no means to be confused with the red-eye trout (they resemble each other when smoked), which has been around for quite a spell and is something very different. I shall be surprised if the Colorado fish don't make gastronomic history in these parts. They are far too good to use merely as hors-d'œuvres; grilled and served with melted butter, lime juice, and chives, they make an important fish course, and they are excellent for a sumptuous and leisurely Sunday breakfast. You'll find them at Bellows, 67 East 52nd Street, and at Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop.

DARK with prejudice as I often am—prejudice for and prejudice against—I am now broad-mindedly prepared to admit that certain tearooms here and there have as good American food to offer as can be found in this town. Even so, I think it's the tearooms which have changed rather than my tastes. The Drury Lane Restaurant, at 47 East 49th Street, which, although distinctly on the tearoom side, is as pleasantly without Charm and Atmosphere as the corner Liggett's, does a small catering business that is a blessing to finicky people who want a chicken pie or a caramel cake when they want it, without having to contract for it days in advance. The cakes of this remarkable place are nothing short of perfection—a white one topped with soft caramel, and a marvellous spice cake iced with a white, fudgelike confection that is as unfamiliar as it is delicious. There's also a devil's-food cake, with an icing of coarsely chopped fresh coconut, that is pronounced very fine by those who like devil's food, of whom I am not one. Not all of these varieties are on hand each day, but an order for any of them placed in the morning will be filled by mid-afternoon. What cakes are ready will be delivered on short notice, and as small a quantity as one slice may be picked up at the restaurant to take home. So can extraordinarily good individual chicken pies; larger chicken pies are made to order and delivered, and they ought to be an inspiration to your cook, since they have a perfectly baked crisp bottom crust, which isn't often attained even in our best kitchens. This restaurant also takes orders for delicious canapés—decently restrained as to decoration—and awfully good tea sand-


Through this door is Luxury Flying

NEW WACO MODEL "E" AIRISTOCRAT IS FINEST, MOST COMFORTABLE PLANE OF ITS POWER CLASS EVER BUILT

● Flashing speed—faster per passenger horsepower than other planes of its class—accompanied by new luxury and greater comfort. Airistocrat is finished like a fine automobile—"Cushioned Power" engine mounting—double covered plywood and fabric wings. These are only part of many new features.

There's pride and joy in this new Airistocrat. Luxury—at the lowest operating cost per horsepower mile. Send for the name of your dealer.

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WACO AIRCRAFT CO. WACO AIRPLANES TROY, OHIO, U. S. A.

AVAILABLE WITH JACOBS, LYCOMING, PRATT & WHITNEY, AND WRIGHT ENGINES

One of the Good Things Men Remember

THE CIVILIZED LIVING which we cherish is distinguished by small pleasures . . . and so many of these we owe to Old England. One, worthy of your note, is the zestful "Gin-and-Tonic" . . . the summer cooler that began in tropic India and soon won fame around the world. Like all good things, it has inspired imitations. But the real "Gin-and-Tonic" is made only with imported Schweppes Indian Quinine Water. Take home a dozen bottles tonight.

Magruder, Inc.
Importers, Grocers and Wine Merchants
WASHINGTON, D. C.

GIN-AND-TONIC
made with
Schweppes
INDIAN QUININE WATER

Only recipe for the original, authentic "Gin-and-Tonic" . . . gin, ice, a slice of lemon . . . and Schweppes Indian Quinine Water. *By the makers of the world-famous Schweppes Soda Water and Schweppes Ginger Beer.*


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NO LEASE
ON ARISTOCRATIC
*Park Avenue*

Although you can enjoy the convenience of this smart Park Avenue address and the comfort of a permanent home in this famous hotel —no lease is required—and you'll find the new monthly rates surprisingly moderate.

•

1-2-3 ROOMS

•

OSCAR F. BANSE, MANAGER
*Telephone AShland 4-4000*

*The* VANDERBILT HOTEL

PARK AVENUE AT 34th STREET • NEW YORK

BERKSHIRE

*Different*

*AN APARTMENT YOU WILL NOT FIND ELSEWHERE*

NEWLY CREATED AND INTERESTING ONE ROOM APARTMENTS... BY DAY A LOVELY, HOMELIKE STUDY... AT NIGHT A RESTFUL CHAMBER.

*2, 3, and 6 Room Suites, with or without serving pantries, luxuriously furnished, for those who desire greater spaciousness.*

*The Berkshire*

Madison Ave. at 52nd Street
H. H. SCHUYLER, Manager
*PLaza 3-5800*

wiches. On Fridays, you can get a fine shrimp paste made from an authentic Charleston recipe to take home and serve either on your hors-d'œuvres platter or, sliced thick, as a cold supper dish.

SHOULD water-ground corn meal mean as much in your life as it does in mine, you are in a bad way right now, because the new crop hasn't been put on sale yet and last year's meal has reached a sad and weevily state. Shaffer's Market, 673 Madison Avenue (61st), has solved the problem of where to get corn meal in the late summer by taking over the output of a picturesque old grist mill on the estate of Mrs. Roswell Eldridge, out at Great Neck, where meal of a very high quality is produced. The warmish weather we are likely to get in September makes it inadvisable to keep large quantities of this untreated meal, so Shaffer's isn't carrying it in stock at the moment, but will telephone your order to the mill and have the corn ground fresh for you. Only connoisseurs of corn meal can know what a really valuable service this is.

It is hardly changing the subject at all (as anybody who has breakfasted often in Richmond will realize) to go from water-ground corn meal to Virginia herring roe, which makes this the place to speak of the tinned soft roes kept by a highly dependable shop called the Blue Ribbon Sea Food Market, at 462 Sixth Avenue (11th). This very inexpensive item can do a lot for the breakfast of those who aren't too sternly orange-juice-and-coffee-minded.

GREIG, LAWRENCE & HOYT have imported a large supply of Gaymer's Royal Norfolk sparkling cider—a mildly alcoholic and extremely pleasant drink which, since the beginning of time, has been highly thought of in England for garden parties and cricket matches and that sort of thing. It makes a fine base for cups, and it is also an invaluable compromise between spirituous and soft drinks for sub-débutante parties. Sumner Wines & Spirits, 629 Park Avenue (65th), and Lemma & Arecco, 46 Charles Street, have it.

THAT section of Seventh Avenue given over to the garment industry certainly is an unlikely place to find such a luxurious shop as the Altman Candy Company, but there it is—at No. 512 (38th). The Altman chocolates are extraordinarily good, as are the Viennese cakes, sold by the slice or the piece—Sacher and Dobos *Torte*, for instance, and delicious hazel-nut macaroons stuck together with an unfamiliar but superior rum-flavored cream. The garment trade seems to have a fine taste in chocolates, for the place, which is a small one, is usually packed. —S. H.

• •

## LINES WRITTEN IN A MOMENT OF VIBRANT ILL-HEALTH

Things did not vibrate so when I was young;
  Nature preferred the steady note and long:
Wind among leaves, the yarded hounds at tongue,
  Suburban voices raised in sacred song,

And the submissive streetcar's starting groan,
  The fishman's horn, the cry of the vegetable vender,
The roll of ironbound wheels, the screaming stone
  Of the knife sharpener and umbrella mender.

But now all rattles, beats, drums, bombinates.
  My ears are shaken by an incessant whir.
The air drill chatters, the riveter palpitates.
  "Brrr!" goes the world. "Brr-rrr-rrr!"

Over my head the motors snore in space;
  Motors nose about on the parlor floor;
A motored razor mutters upon my face.
  I don't think I can stand this very much more.

For after a while the clinching nail unclinches,
  The gasket shudders in its uneasy bed,
The tie plate ties no more, and the bolt flinches,
  And the nut tinily turns upon its thread.

—MORRIS BISHOP

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# LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 30 (BY CABLE)

THE nightly nuisance raids of the past week continue. Since the damage they have done has been slight, their objects would seem to be reconnaissance and interference with the civilian population's sleep. Their immediate result has been a sudden display by Londoners of a talent for taking cat naps in all sorts of places. On Tuesday, the morning after the longest air-raid warning to date, which stranded hundreds of suburbanites in town without a toothbrush among them, matrons snoozed in buses and clerks devoted their lunch hour to dozing under trees in public squares and gardens. By the middle of the week, people were accepting the daily performances of what they now call the "Wailing Willie" as a dull routine instead of an alarming novelty. During a raid last Monday night, when some cinema managers interrupted their programs to give audiences the choice of leaving or of moving into greater safety at the back of the auditorium (a suggestion which brought to many of their hearers qualmish visions of being the meat in the sandwich between the balcony and the floor), most people stayed put, even if their enjoyment of the entertainment was understandably diminished. Pubs remained open and companionable parties gathered. At Queen's Hall, a Wagner concert ran to greater length than "Götterdämmerung," while the immortal Richard's compatriots droned somewhere in the vicinity; when Sir Henry Wood's official program ended, members of the symphony orchestra obliged with solos and the indefatigable audience filled in with community singing and amateur talent until the all-clear came, around three. "Was it [the air-raid siren] Siegfried's horn or Fafner's growl or both together?" asked the *Times* music critic in a facetious mood next day. Since experts agree that night raids are likely to become more numerous, Londoners are adapting themselves sensibly and courageously to this new phase of the war. On Wednesday, the manager of the Empire had only to walk out on the stage and say "I suppose you know why I'm here" to get the biggest laugh of the evening.

THE damage of the most severe night raid was confined to that part of Pepys' London where the crooked, mazy lanes are dotted with blue plaques announcing the site of such-and-such a building which was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. After a good deal of coy hesitation, the censors revealed the fact that the affected area was Cripplegate, where a potential Great Fire of 1940 was put under control by the prompt action of the fire services. Strangely enough, the fire station, just a street's width away from where one of the bombs fell, was the only building in the block in which no windows were broken. The rest of the houses were a mass of staring desolation. For a couple of blocks, what had been office buildings were blackened shells inside which one could get glimpses of charred wreckage. If the bombs had fallen in the daytime, the casualties in this closely packed area would have been tragic.

By midweek, the work of reconstruction was already going ahead. Men were running up scaffolding around the damaged buildings, hurrying to and fro, like ants in a heap which someone had just kicked apart. What had been an ill wind for many people had blown good to the glaziers, from whose vans, backed against the pavement, hundreds of square feet of glass were being lifted out of straw packing. The danger from falling glass and odd bits of masonry was still considerable, and police barricaded the surrounding streets to anyone who couldn't show a pass or prove legitimate business there. Opposite St. Giles, the church where Milton is buried, the front had been blown out of a dark and Dickensian little eating house, and two men in bartenders' aprons sat together discussing events among the broken mahogany hatracks and scattered spittoons. A notice tacked up outside announced business as usual. Around the corner, in Aldersgate, a sign in front of a delicatessen shop which had suffered the same fate proclaimed cheerfully, "We are wide open." It was doing a good trade among customers who did not seem to be moved by the fact that they could leave by the conventional door or through the space where the window had been.

At St. Giles, a bomb had fallen slap on the sandbags protecting a stained-glass window, blowing a hole in the wall and toppling Milton off his plinth outside. A George Belcher charlady in rusty black was leaning mournfully against

*Jersey is a joy to wear*

For city, for country, for campus! Soft-to-the-touch wool jersey tailored on clean classic lines by a famous maker of men's shirts. Play in it, pack it for jaunts to the country—it rarely musses. Convertible neckline, buttoned front. Berry Red, Plum, Glengarry Green, Copen Blue, Brown, or Black. Sizes 14 to 42. . **17.95**

Sport Shop, Second Floor

**McCUTCHEON'S**

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*Offers a choice of apartments*

**520 EAST 86TH STREET**
*at Carl Schurz Park*
6 rooms, 3 baths . . from $1800
9 rooms, 3 baths . . from $2600
10 rooms, 4 baths . from $2700
7 rooms, 3 baths (maisonette) $2400

**530 EAST 86TH STREET**
*at Carl Schurz Park*
6 rooms, 3 baths . . from $1900
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**640 PARK AVENUE**
*Northwest Corner of 66th Street*
16 rooms, 6 baths . from $7500

**903 PARK AVENUE**
*Northeast Corner of 79th Street*
17 rooms, 5 baths . from $8000

**SMALL APARTMENTS**
*In the Carl Schurz Park Section East End Avenue at 82nd Street and 88th to 89th Streets.*
3, 4 rooms, 1 bath . $600 to $960
7 rooms, 2 baths . . from $1320

**120 EAST END AVENUE**
*Northwest cor. 85th Street facing East River and Carl Schurz Park*
11 rooms, 5 baths . . . . $4200
13 rooms, 6 baths (duplex) $5000
14 rooms, 6 baths (duplex, 2 large terraces) . . . . . $6000
14 rooms, 6 baths . from $5100

**1239 MADISON AVENUE**
*Northeast Corner of 89th Street*
8 rooms, 2 baths . . from $1725
9 rooms, 3 baths . . . . $2000

**1245 MADISON AVENUE**
*Southeast Corner of 90th Street*
7 rooms, 1 bath ex. lav., from $1450

**62/64 EAST 90TH STREET**
*Between Park and Madison Avenues*
6 rooms, 1 bath . . from $1080

**HOTEL ST. REGIS**
*Fifth Avenue at 55th Street*
Charmingly furnished apartments of 2, 3, 4 or more rooms, from $3000 yearly. Also shorter leases at attractive rentals. Bedrooms from $150 monthly. Telephone PLaza 3-4500.

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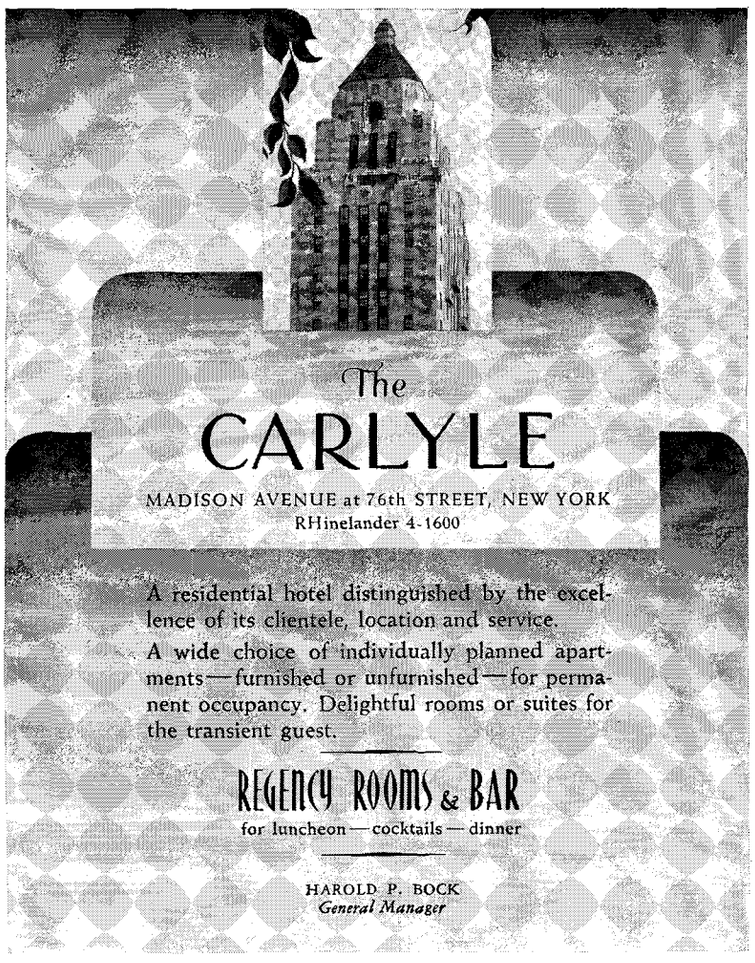
The
CARLYLE
MADISON AVENUE at 76th STREET, NEW YORK
RHinelander 4-1600
A residential hotel distinguished by the excellence of its clientele, location and service.
A wide choice of individually planned apartments—furnished or unfurnished—for permanent occupancy. Delightful rooms or suites for the transient guest.
REGENCY ROOMS & BAR
for luncheon—cocktails—dinner
HAROLD P. BOCK
General Manager


the broken railings, regarding the fallen poet among the debris of sand, glass, and masonry. "And 'im one of our finest poets, too," she said. "Ow, it's shocking!" On the vacant plinth were still inscribed Milton's own curiously appropriate lines: "O Spirit . . . what in me is dark illumine, what is low raise and support."

NATURALLY, there has been a good deal of hopeful talk this week about retaliatory raids on Berlin, but it is realized that such reprisals, though satisfactory, would do less good than the present devastating R.A.F. raids on Germany's centres of war production. A campaign of destruction of factories, power plants, and airdromes is more useful than the German policy of hitting and running where no possible military objective can exist. Incidentally, the announcements of the first air-raid deaths are beginning to appear in the obituary columns of the morning papers. No mention is made of the cause of death, but the conventional phrase "very suddenly" is always used. Thousands of men, women, and children are scheduled to die very suddenly, without any particular notice being taken of them in the obituary columns. To observers here, it sometimes seems that more than Milton has been toppled off his plinth. All that is best in the good life of civilized effort appears to be slowly and painfully keeling over in the chaos of man's inhumanity to man.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

## THE TRIUMPH OF COURTESY

[*Revised text and instructions issued by a radio script department*]

ANNOUNCER . . .

CIGARETTE STAIN ON YOUR FINGERS IS NOT NICE! PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes are smoked wherever *particular* people congregate—because independent research proves that with PELL MELL there is *noticeably less* finger stain, or *no finger stain at all.* (PAUSE) *Yourself! Try* PELL MELL *critically!*

At the signal the time will be exactly 10 o'clock

NOTE TO ANNOUNCER:

The first sentence of the above commercial should be read with great emphasis, particularly on the words "not nice."

In our previous instructions this was expressed by suggesting that "not nice" be said with a snarl. The EMPHASIS gained by this instruction should be retained, but the tone of disgust should be dropped.

Keep the emphasis—but forget the snarl.

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Celebrities at Work*

A NUMBER of highly publicized persons in the Movie Industry have evidently been kept busy at their stint this summer, and the results of their activities now launch us into the autumn. "Boom Town" seethes with famous names. Madame Colbert appears as the loyal and rather teary wife of a Western roughneck (Clark Gable) who strikes oil. The rôle is too tender for the Colbert humor, since she is allowed only a wistful smile now and then and nothing at all that smacks of the caustic or of vulgar coquetry. She must be ever the flower transplanted to the mud and oil of Oklahoma, but unbesmirched throughout it all. This gentle, quaint, and perhaps old-fashioned aspect does not appear out of place, as that is somewhat the general character of this big, showy Western. Spencer Tracy, as a pal and partner of Gable, is the heart-of-gold friend of the family who does much in a crisis to tide them over. Hedy Lamarr strolls into the film toward the last quarter as a wicked siren, though the lady hasn't any particular triumph, for she is assigned to a part of the story which happens in New York, and when the plot leaves the West and comes East, it grows rather feeble. Western bars, these boom towns and their peculiar architecture and customs, and the spectacle of the great oil gushers themselves form a substantial background of interest, I should say, which a commonplace plot merely frames. Of the players, only Frank Morgan actually asserts himself, appearing as one of the scamps in the business, a likable scamp, naturally, for everyone is basically a good soul in the oil business.

WHEN "Ninotchka," that Garbo film, came out, people held their breath, you may remember, because it was impudent about the Communists, pert about Stalin, and the like. As far as I know, nothing happened in the way of picketing or bombings. Anyhow, the industry has had the courage to try another impertinence of the sort, called, with obvious social significance, "He Stayed for Breakfast," again with Melvyn Douglas, a capitalist in the Garbo picture but here the Communist. Garbo, however, doesn't turn up this time; in her place is Loretta Young, as capitalist lady and fascinator and quippist. It's very French, with that raciness of the Parisian triangle comedy enmeshed with all the cracks about Stalin and Karl Marx. These cracks haven't quite the jauntiness of the "Ninotchka" dialogue, but both bourgeoisie and the Comrades will be united, doubtless, by an occasional giggle here and there.

ROSALIND RUSSELL also appears, now in "No Time for Comedy," the S. N. Behrman play we once saw on the stage here. Katharine Cornell played in it then, and now Miss Russell is very slick and smooth and good to look at, and isn't bogged down even when this story of a playwright in search of an idea gets a little boggy. James Stewart is this playwright, and he is as boyish as ever from beginning to end of his career, which isn't always true of playwrights. Genevieve Tobin and Charlie Ruggles contribute their bits, and Louise Beavers, as the magnificent colored maid, deserves her special honorarium.

A MINOR item, minor but odd, may come your way. It's called "Stranger on the Third Floor," and it isn't overburdened with the presence of celebrities. Indeed, Peter Lorre is the most conspicuous member of the cast. I like the general effect of this film, which is eerie and experimental, the effort being to probe into the mind of a man who has had to give the evidence which is to hang a murderer. The piece needs more polish, perhaps, than it got, but it's a refreshing change, anyhow—refreshing, and macabre too.

JUST before the war, Lilian Harvey and Louis Jouvet were occupied in France in making one of those pictures about Schubert which have always delighted the proprietors of little movie theatres and, I assume, their audiences. This one is called "Schubert's Serenade," and may have been made rather in a hurry. —JOHN MOSHER

•

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Princely Pants Manufacturing Co., 120 East Broadway.

The Piggy-Dilly Restaurant, Asheville, N.C.

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*At Eighty-eighth Street*
6 Rooms *from* $2600
8 Rooms *from* $2650
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**730 PARK AVENUE**
*At Seventy-first Street*
11-12-13-15 Rooms *from* $5000

**791 PARK AVENUE**
*At Seventy-fourth Street*
8-11-12 Rooms *from* $3700

**911 PARK AVENUE**
*At Eightieth Street*
10-12-17 Rooms *from* $3700

**1148 FIFTH AVENUE**
*At Ninety-sixth Street*
8 and 9 Rooms *from* $2400

**22 EAST 36th STREET**
*Overlooking the Morgan Library*
4 and 5 Rooms *from* $1600

**27 EAST 62nd STREET**
*Just off Madison Avenue*
4-5-6 Rooms *from* $1080

**45 EAST 66th STREET**
*At Madison Avenue*
11 and 12 Rooms *from* $3300

**3 EAST 69th STREET**
*Recently Completed*
2-3-5-6 Rooms *from* $1350

**50 EAST 72nd STREET**
*At Park Avenue*
3-4-5-6-8 Rooms *from* $1530

**17 EAST 84th STREET**
*Near Fifth Avenue*
6 and 7 Rooms *from* $1800

**40 EAST 88th STREET**
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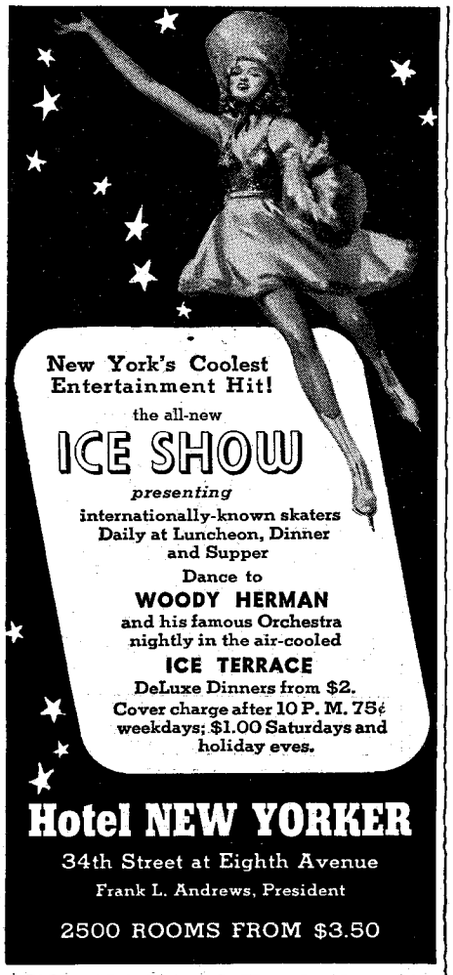


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# TEE AND GREEN

*Preview*

TO my mind, the Metropolitan qualifying rounds for the National Amateur Championship make one of the pleasantest of tournaments from the spectator's point of view. Practically all of the best local talent is to be seen, and practically nobody turns out to see it. I doubt if there were twenty people in the audience at Short Hills last week when the qualifying rounds were played over Baltusrol's two courses, with the result that one could watch—leisurely, closely, and for nothing—many of the same players who will be visible, at a price, only in intermittent glimpses through the crowds during the championship itself, which starts next Monday at Mamaroneck. It was too bad so many people stayed away from Baltusrol, because they missed a lot of interesting golf.

The most interesting thing I came across out there occurred during the morning round at the par-3 sixteenth hole of the lower course. I happened by just as Bobby Jacobson, of Deal, New Jersey, who wound up as medalist; James Oleska, a Brooklyn detective who plays cross-handed; and Chris Dunphy, one of the most persistent golfers hereabouts, were teeing off. Dunphy drove first, right into a trap. Then Jacobson hit a lovely shot that landed about twenty feet short and rolled straight for the cup. "It's in! It's a hole in one!" Jacobson's caddie yelled as the ball hit the pin. It wasn't, though; the ball glanced off the pin and stopped less than a foot away. "Too bad, Bobby," Oleska said sympathetically as he teed up his own ball. Well, the Oleska drive duplicated Jacobson's, except that it hit the pin squarely and dropped into the hole. "My God!" the now hysterical caddie shrieked. "It *is* in! It *is* a hole in one!" Detective Oleska, looking as pleased as though he had just located Judge Crater, made no comment.

ELLSWORTH VINES, the Pasadena tennis champion, much prefers golf to tennis, and it was too bad that he failed to qualify at Short Hills, for he's a fine-looking golfer. Making his first appearance as a golfer in these parts, Vines scored 161 for the thirty-six holes, five strokes above the limit. With any kind of putting luck on the first seven holes of the morning eighteen, he might have made the grade with a stroke to spare, for in that stretch he missed no less than six putts of from two to eight feet, and I thought they all looked good when he hit them. Vines took up golf about six years ago because he found most of his friends were playing it. He engaged Harry Pressler, one of the best-known West Coast pros, to teach him the game, and within a year was scoring consistently in the high and middle seventies. Vines is now completely wrapped up in golf and hasn't touched a tennis racquet since April. I think it was Henry Picard, the Hershey, Pennsylvania, pro, who, after watching Vines in the Western Open this summer, prophesied that he would be a real threat in the National Amateur in 1941. Vines' principal handicap is an overdeveloped right wrist, acquired during his years on the tennis courts, which makes it necessary for him to fight against a constant tendency to hook his long shots.

TOMMY SHEVLIN, the deep-sea angler from Meadow Brook, had an unnerving experience just before he set out on his first-round match in the Maidstone Club's annual invitation tournament. The night before, he had glanced at the scoreboard and noted the name Choate bracketed with his own. Since he had been beating Arthur Choate, Jr., handily in friendly matches at Meadow Brook in recent weeks, he reasoned that there was no need to train too seriously and spent a long evening at the Island Club in Montauk, retiring around five-thirty. When he showed up on the first tee a few hours later, he was confronted by what seemed to him to be a giant, who wanted to know if he was ready to tee off. "Who are you?" Shevlin asked weakly. "Choate," said the tall stranger. "Tom Choate. Are you ready?" Shevlin, who hadn't known about Arthur Choate's younger brother, Tommy, lost, 7 and 6.—P. W. W.

•

M. S. writes: What causes a young person's skin to turn dark gray?

REPLY

The use of the salts of silver—as antiseptics—in the nose or throat may lead to the deposit of metallic particles in the skin. The result is a grayish appearance. A blue-gray cast is due to insufficient oxygen in the circulation. If the skin and the tongue are of the same shade, omit late suppers.—*The News.*

Well, *how* late?

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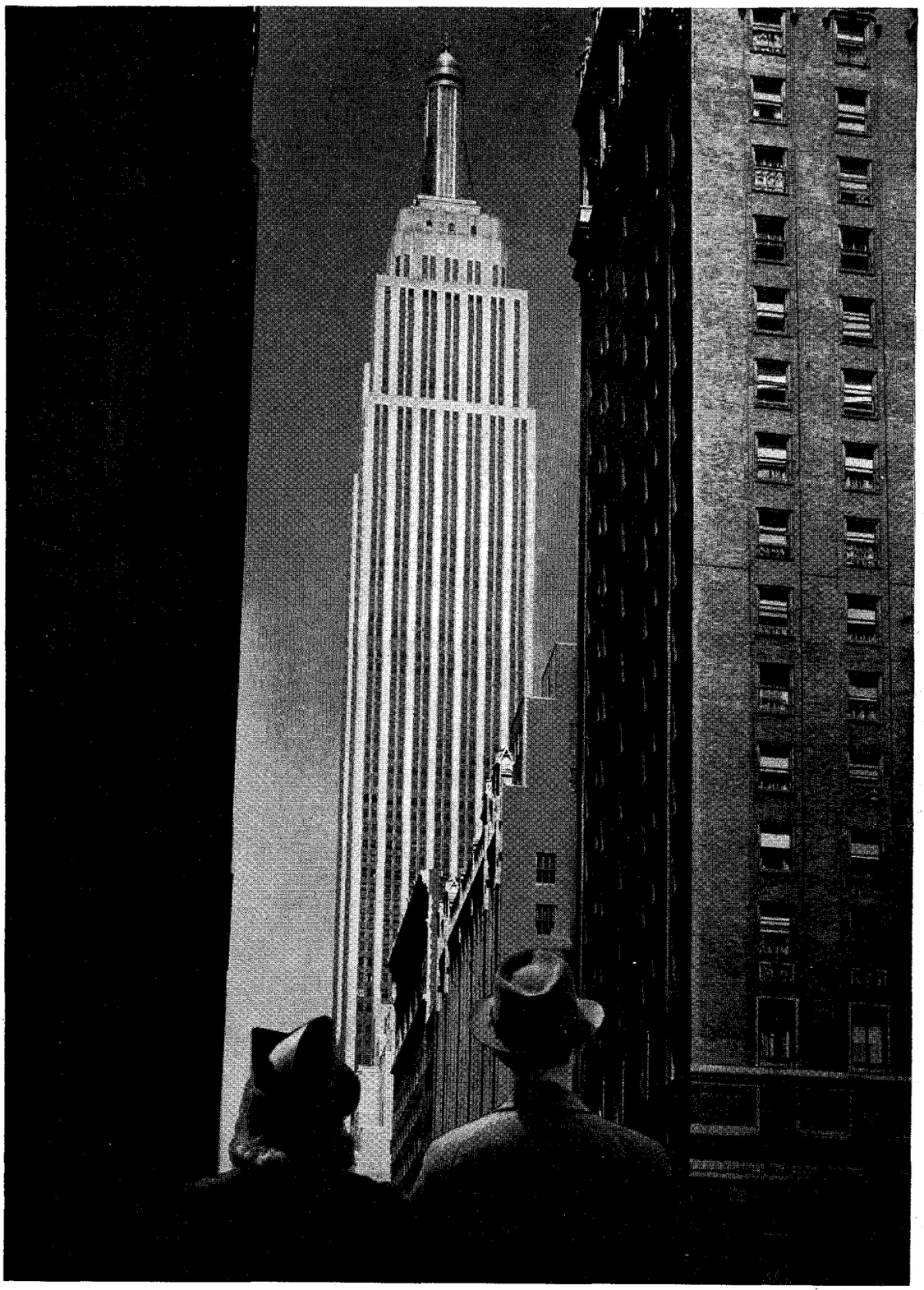

*Paul Parker photos*

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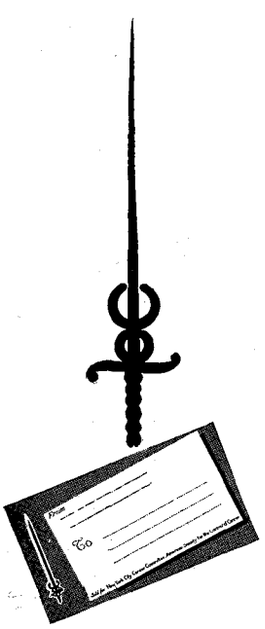

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

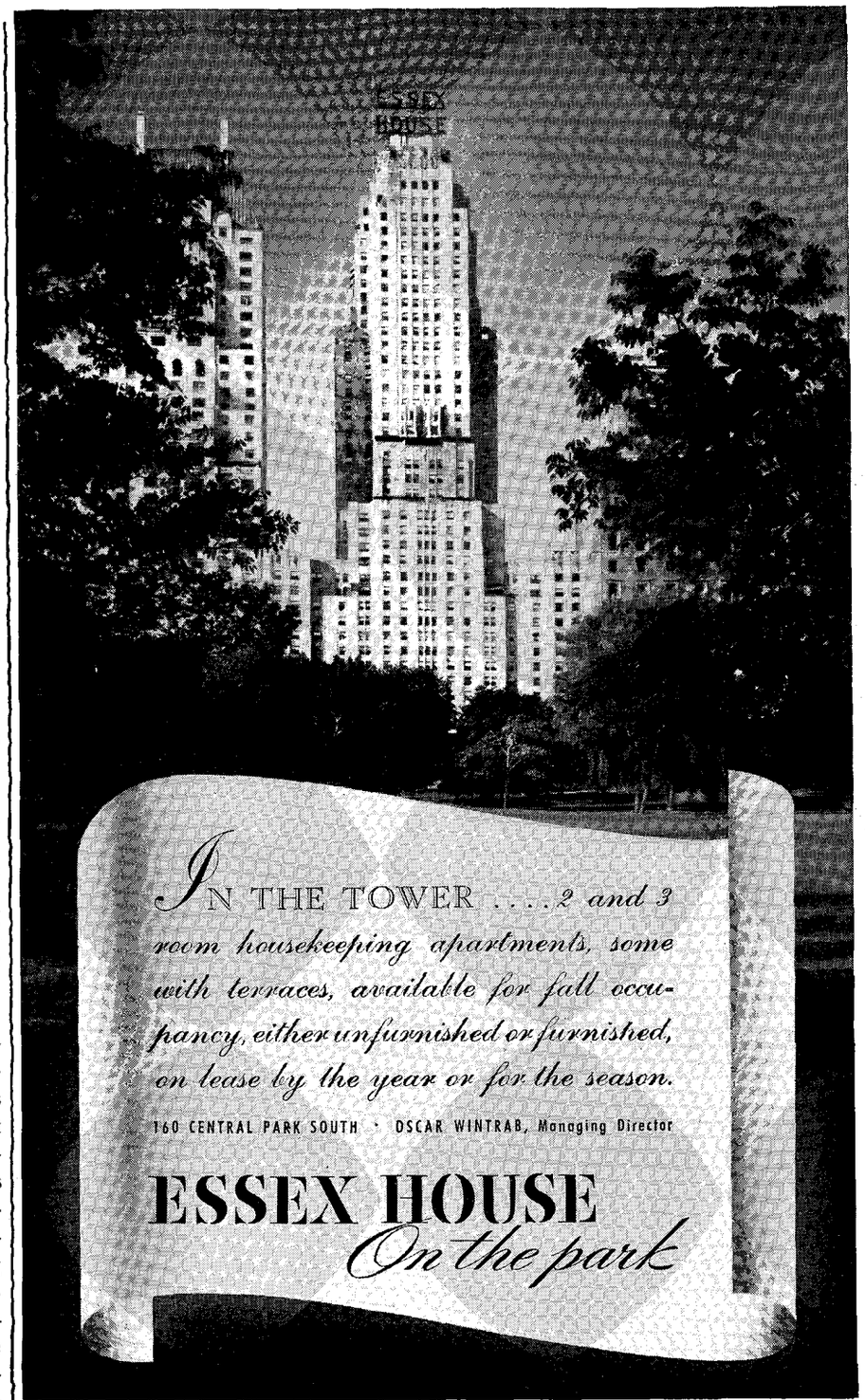
## *Concert Records*

THEY'VE been cutting record prices, Victor and Columbia have, and the result to the people who buy discs is about like this: Victor Red Seal and Columbia Masterworks records in the twelve-inch size are $1 apiece now (they used to be $1.50 or $2); ten-inch recordings of the same grade are now seventy-five cents (formerly $1 in the Columbia list, $1 or $1.50 in the Victor); Victor Black Labels are seventy-five cents for twelve-inchers and fifty cents for the tens (they used to cost a quarter more in each size). There are still a few unreduced items in the Victor catalogue, but they probably won't matter greatly to most collectors. Albums for Victor sets—symphonies and other multiple-record offerings—are extra now. They're half a dollar, except for most of the Black Label Classics containers, which retail for a quarter. All Columbia albums are fifty cents.

COLUMBIA has been recording Leopold Stokowski and the All-American Youth Orchestra, which made its metropolitan début at the Stadium last month, and the combination's first album set (M-416) consists of Dvořák's "New World" Symphony. Mr. Stokowski's version of the music is designed for virtuosos, and his young instrumentalists go along with him brilliantly. If it weren't that several first-rate recordings of the symphony are already available, this one might be discussed as a replacement for its predecessors. Anyhow, it's a swell showing by an orchestra that's exceptional for many reasons.

A symphony that hasn't had so many recordings as Dvořák's "New World" is Mozart's "Prague," which the Chicago Symphony, directed by Frederick Stock, has performed for Columbia (M-410). If you like your Mozart in the grand manner, this set is worth investigating. If not, wait around for the next version.

THERE'S always something for Wagnerians, although the recent recordings haven't included any compo-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sitions not previously on the market. Felix Weingartner and the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Paris, offer an unusually lyric and mellow "Rienzi" overture (Columbia X-169). To complete the album, there's the "Marche Troyenne" from Berlioz's "Les Troyens," which Mr. Weingartner makes more than historically interesting. Albert Coates' demonstration of Wagner's overture to his early effort, "Die Feen," is now on sale in the Victor Black Label Classics series, where it is to be found in an album (G-12) along with Bruno Walter's sensitive handling of the "Siegfried Idyll."

A composer who influenced the young Wagner receives attention from Constant Lambert and the London Philharmonic (Victor 12806) in a presentation of the overture to Auber's "The Crown Diamonds." It's a performance that manages to catch the flavor of this old-fashioned music without being patronizing about it.

AMERICAN music continues to be released with pleasant frequency. There's a complete version of George Gershwin's Piano Concerto in F-major (Victor M-690) by the accomplished team of Jesús María Sanromá and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler. Aaron Copland's Two Pieces for String Quartet are played understandingly by the Dorian String Quartet on Columbia 70092D; this disc helps to round out the growing list of Copland music on discs. Woody Guthrie's "Dust Bowl Ballads" (Victor P-27 and P-28) are absorbing and often striking ditties in a practically impromptu style that is not only effective but probably also a Force.

ONE could build a huge record library entirely of piano music, and the supply of new material keeps on increasing at the usual rate. Artur Schnabel's playing of Schubert's "Moments Musicals," Op. 94 (Victor M-684), is one of the finest of the Schnabel series. Ernst Křenek provides an introduction to some contemporary musical idioms in eleven short piano pieces (Columbia X-171) composed for the benefit of students. They aren't so simple as their titles—"Dancing Toys," "Peaceful Mood," "Bells in the Fog," and the like—might indicate, but they do their job efficiently. For two-piano enthusiasts, the gifted duo of Vronsky and Babin serves up a tricky and attractive diversion based on Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" waltz music (Victor 13150). I suspect, though, that the composer might be surprised at some of the goings-on, which are of the special-arrangement order. —R. A. S.

• •

## BEAUX GESTES

*Some Data Concerning Individuals Who Recently Have Demonstrated Their Ability to Do Things with a Flourish*

| LOCALE | INDIVIDUAL | FLOURISH |
|---|---|---|
| Carlyle, Illinois | Texas oil man | He left a tip of $180 for a waitress who served him a dollar dinner. |
| Harrismith, South Africa | Sofia Mhluti | She gave birth to Siamese twins for the second time. |
| Buffalo | J. H. Carley | He bequeathed $100 to each of the seven members of his wife's bridge club. |
| Oklahoma City | Mrs. Opal Herring | She pawned her wedding ring to pay for the gun with which she killed her husband. |
| London | Lieutenant R. Laybourne | He left one-sixth of his £18,000 estate to provide free beer and cigarettes for the Welsh Guards. |
| Denver | Charles Manners | When a heifer in his herd came down with pneumonia, he placed it in an oxygen tent. |
| Los Angeles | Mrs. Ella Stack | She celebrated her golden-wedding anniversary by suing her husband for separate maintenance and $2,000 a month alimony. |

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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of all thoughts. I have here, as you see, a fan-shaped Fate from Africa, several hundred assorted Delphic quatrains, a circus lion from Avignon, and a puppet doll named Alice, dressed in a miniature green-and-gold Chanel. With these and other objects, all out of the two books I've just been reading, I expect to give you a New Angle on Things. The stuff is here, and it's mellow. If there's anything you don't understand, please raise your hand.

I've known Nostradamus by name for a long time, but for some reason or other I've always confused him with Nicodemus. Now, to put me right, the "Oracles of Nostradamus," a life-plus-works-plus-commentary edited by Charles A. Ward, a British scholar, in 1891, has just been brought out again in this country. At the back of the book the publishers have tipped in a supplement comprising one hundred and thirty-eight new and anonymous prose translations of the quatrains. Why anonymous? Are people afraid to be *seen* with the man? Why do some of the new versions duplicate Ward's? Have the publishers decided that certain quatrains apply to events in our own day instead of to the ones Ward connected them with? A mystery, gentlemen. In any case, as it turns out, the old astrologer is having his innings again. Hitler consults him, they say, and this magazine's Paris correspondent reported in October of last year that the French were reading him very carefully. I don't want to upset you, but if you're at all aware of trends in the occult, I think you'll realize that Dr. N.'s little stroke of luck isn't going to be the only one. We may be in for a psychic revival; pestilence, famine, and war are apt to bring it on as clouds bring the rain.

Small-time soothsayers come and go, but Dr. N. goes on forever. Born in 1503, during the High Renaissance, at St.-Rémy, in Provence, he became a physician and a learned man; was subject to what he called "an epileptic Herculean agitation" in middle age, and under its spell wrote the "Centuries" (sets of one hundred verse prophecies), the "Presages," and the almanacs; and later became famous as "The Sphinx of France," adviser to Catherine de' Medici.

Ward, the editor of this volume, says that Dr. N. deliberately clouded his prophecies and shuffled them so that people wouldn't be too worried. What is claimed for him is simply this: that he foresaw and recorded the course of world history from the sixteenth century to 3797 (Dr. N.'s own date). This is what Ward set out to verify, fitting each historical chapter to the Nostradamian verse. (The supplement, covering events since the late eighteen-hundreds, just lets us guess what events the quatrains refer to.) This task called for an almost incredible knowledge of European history, and Ward makes a fairly shrewd job of it. Still, that oracular half French, half Provençal of Dr. N.'s is enigmatic enough to cover any situation. He gives few names—even these are mostly anagrams—and fewer dates. Try it yourself. Here are three prose translations from the supplement, without comment:

The machinations of flying fire shall come to trouble the great chief of the Siam: on the contrary month and near the grape-harvest, by the Lords drawn up in accord.

Those in the Isles a long time besieged, shall take vigor and force against their enemies: those outside shall be stricken dead of hunger, in greater hunger than they shall ever be placed.

Convinced?

Whatever you may think of the auguries, this is one of the priceless books of English curiosa—yes, English, I think, for though Nostradamus is French of the French, this work derives its quality quite as much from the personality of its editor. Ward, like his subject, was a bitter and eccentric Tory, but he had a touch of Burton, Coleridge, and Sir Thomas Browne in his odd syntax. I don't doubt that Dr. N. himself, aside from believing in his own stars, was an anagrammatic ironist—a double-talker, as our Paris correspondent put it. He must have been sure that the leaven of superstition in men's minds would be preserved into the future. Nearly always, too, he bet on the black horse—misery, plague, war, and civil strife—and "this

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I NEEDN'T warn you about William Seabrook's new book, "Witchcraft: Its Power in the World Today." The book is about just that. Mr. Seabrook is a rationalist (all writers of books on psychic subjects are rationalists, to hear them tell it), but he has doubts. How account for the case of Justine? Justine might have been somebody out of Swinburne, but she was really just a girl Mr. Seabrook used to hang by her wrists in his Greenwich Village studio. It helped her get into her trance, and it was cheaper than veronal. When she'd been hauled up, she stood, usually, on three telephone books. As the rope stretched, she'd kick the Classified out from under first. Brooklyn would go next. Finally, if it was a *very* good trance, out would go Manhattan too, and there'd be Justine mumbling away about the circus lion in some small city in Europe. Justine had never been to Europe, but when she and Mr. Seabrook went the year after that, there was Avignon, just as she'd seen it in the trance, and there was the lion. It gave Mr. Seabrook rather a turn, but Justine didn't seem to mind. She was a placid girl, or perhaps she had been hung too long.

That and the case of Mrs. Upton Sinclair, who apparently reads people's minds at a distance, were the ones Mr. Seabrook couldn't get past. In these and the other stories he tells—stories about witches' dolls, vampires, werewolves, lady hyenas, and Oom the Omnipotent—the author is very good indeed. He has a rather reasonable theory about witchcraft. He's convinced that it can't move a pebble an inch or perform any other physical action, but that it can, by induced autosuggestion, cause people to get sick, go mad, or even die. Moreover, he believes that it does do these things, now, every day, and cites cases to prove it. You don't need to be consciously afraid of it, he says, so long as your subconscious is. I imagine even the psychiatrists have considered witchcraft in that light, as Mr. Seabrook suggests. But wouldn't they regard his cases

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as plain neuroses or psychoses in that they were caused by a belief in nonexistent dangers?

I think you'll like Wamba, the handsome African priestess who believed that the future already exists in time and space, shaped like a palm-leaf fan. Except for the fan, by the way, this resembles the theory advanced by J. W. Dunne, the British scientist, in "An Experiment with Time." But Wamba's notion gives you a little choice; the ribs of the fan correspond to paths into the future, and you can take your pick. I think you'll also like the author's stories about witches' dolls. A witches' doll, as you probably know, is a kind of surrogate victim. You stick a pin into it and your enemy howls. This must be rather surprising to your enemy. Mr. Seabrook was once mixed up with a very recherché doll, in the case of a social Londoner who went to a Soho puppet-maker and ordered an exact portrait doll of her enemy, rigged out in a tiny copy of her enemy's pet Chanel. After the doll was delivered, she brought her friends home to watch her stick pins into it, saying, "Did *that* one hurt, Alice?" Mr. Seabrook fixed her. Read it. You'll have fun.

You can put your hands down now.

—VINCENT MCHUGH

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

NOT AT HOME, by Parr Cooper. A bright and brittle novel of British Army life in India. The husbands are busy drilling and playing polo; the wives have a lot of time on their hands, which they do not always employ to their husbands' advantage. The weather is hot, but the conversation is unfailingly smart and a mite cynical.

THE YELLOW ANGELS, by Henry Edward Helseth. It isn't much fun, says Mr. Helseth, to be in prison in midsummer. In fact, it isn't much fun to be in prison. The familiar details are included in this novel of Midwestern prison life: sadistic guards, stool pigeons, the grim loyalty of the inmates to each other, as well as riot and escape. Mr. Helseth tells it in lively prose, with plenty of drama and a happy ending for his main character.

BUT WHO WAKES THE BUGLER?, by Peter De Vries. A mad tale of a Mr. Thwing, who was pursued by the women and didn't really want to get married. Mr. Thwing is the proprietor of a boarding house. The boarders include a demented sea cap-

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GENERAL

DUSK OF DAWN, by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Autobiography of a great Negro editor and writer, being the heart-warming story of a small New England boy who became one of the champions of his people, together with a grave and moving record of his search for a new concept of Negro life in America.

SUEZ AND PANAMA, by André Siegfried, translated (tolerably) from the French by H. H. and Doris Hemming. The author, last reported in Brittany on his way to the United States, gives us a critical study, centred in the remarkable career of Ferdinand de Lesseps, of the growth, history, politics, and finances of the two great waterways. Maps and graphs.

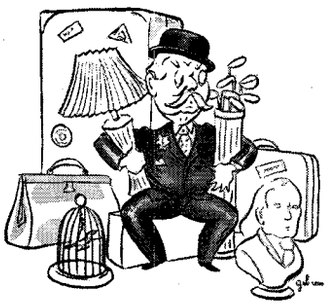
THE REAL DANGER IN OUR GOLD, by Harry Scherman. The author says we needn't fear that barter systems will make our huge stock of gold worthless, but he is afraid that the government, having a gold monopoly, may try devaluation again to reduce its debt and thus bring about inflation.

RUDYARD KIPLING, by Edward Shanks. Interesting study of the late English writer's work in relation to his life story, somewhat muddled by the fact that the author seems to believe Kipling's basic philosophy was both authoritarian and anarchistic.

SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH, by Ralph Barton Perry. Reviewing the growth of Americanism as a compact between individuals, Professor Perry outlines for us the "unfinished business" of democracy. A short but admirable book, full of pithy good sense.

THE DREAM WE LOST, by Freda Utley. Tracing her progressive disillusionment with Russian "national socialism" as she observed it from 1930 to 1936, the author, a former British Communist, suggests that a Europe exhausted by total war might in the end fall into Stalin's hands.

AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF WORLD HISTORY, compiled and edited by William L. Langner and fifteen collaborators. This 1,155-page chronology, which is based on Ploetz's "Epitome," seems, so far as this department can judge, to be a well-

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planned, well-indexed, attractively written guide to its enormous field. Maps and tables.

THE WEEKEND COMPANION, by Mary Breen and Arthur Lawson, lightly illustrated by Jay. A fine bag of while-aways: verses, songs (some with music), nine stories by Twain, Thurber, and others, as well as ideas for games, drinks, and rough-and-ready meals.

THE BOTTLENECKS OF BUSINESS, by Thurman W. Arnold. Avoiding the anthropological irony of "The Folklore of Capitalism," the author writes a straight and sober indictment, from the consumer's viewpoint, of abuses that have recently come before his Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice. He holds that the Sherman Act, our traditional though heretofore largely disregarded law, is the instrument best fitted to deal with "the private seizure of industrial power." Charts and illustrations.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE, by Clennell Wilkinson. The unflagging gallantry of the Young Pretender—the Forty-five, Falkirk, Culloden, and Flora Macdonald—in a neatly turned biography that has some of the verve of a Buchan novel. Illustrated.

UNRESTING CELLS, by R. W. Gerard, with a foreword by Arthur H. Compton. Excellent popularization of modern biology in terms of the life processes of cells. The author says reassuringly that "living things show a steady and increasingly irresistible trend toward increasing order." Fully illustrated.

FATHER WAS AN EDITOR, by Joshua K. Bolles. Volume No. 2 in what looks to be the beginning of a country-editor series, an engagingly readable account of the life and times of Joshua Bolles, Sr., incorruptible editor of the New Milford (Conn.) *Gazette* and a small-town Mr. Day in his own right. Tellingly illustrated by Arthur D. Fuller.

THE CARIBBEAN, by W. Adolphe Roberts. Exhaustive, vividly presented history and description of our own Mediterranean, its lands, and its peoples. Aside from airports, the author believes, we should establish naval bases at Port Royal, in Jamaica, and at Fort-de-France, in Martinique. Maps and photographs.

TEST TUBES AND DRAGON SCALES, by George C. Basil, M.D., in collaboration with Elizabeth Foreman Lewis. Dr. Basil, formerly superintendent of an American hospital in Chungking, gives us an entertaining record not merely of his clinical experiences

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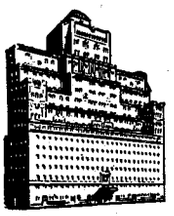

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"I BUILT A TE ACE," by Edward B. rst full-length biograp Beneš, the co-founder a lent of Czecho-Slovakia. ts are here, though the au treatment doesn't go ver ep. Introduction by Jan Masaryk.

MY LIFE IN A MAN-MADE JUNGLE, by Belle J. Benchley. Mrs. Benchley runs the San Diego zoological garden. She loves her work and her animal companions and tells her stories about them simply and well, if perhaps sentimentally. Fine for the youngsters, too. Photographs.

DOSTOEVSKI, by Ernest J. Simmons. A study, a trifle professorial, of the manner in which Dostoevski conceived the major ideas (or visions) that thread his works and of "his religious, political, and social thought."

SIX CAME BACK: THE ARCTIC ADVENTURE OF DAVID L. BRAINARD, edited by Bessie Rowland James. This diary will stand as a moving record of one of the most heroic polar explorations in history. The Greely expedition of 1881-1884 suffered almost every conceivable disaster and exhibited almost inconceivable heroism. A good job of editing by Mrs. James. Photographs.

ANIMALS IN ACTION, by Gayle Pickwell, Ph.D. The life habits of animals, from yellow jackets to black bears, lucidly described in a well-planned text-and-picture book. Sixty-eight photographs by the author, many excellent, including a remarkable series on the monarch butterfly.

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Mrs. Grace Mangam and children, Patricia and Wyman, of Church Street have left to spend the summer in the Bronx. —*Putnam County News, Cold Spring-on-the-Hudson.*

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BOSTON.—Sampling wool, a job previously done by hand, now is done by machines with an accuracy not more than a fraction of 1 per cent.—*The World-Telegram.*

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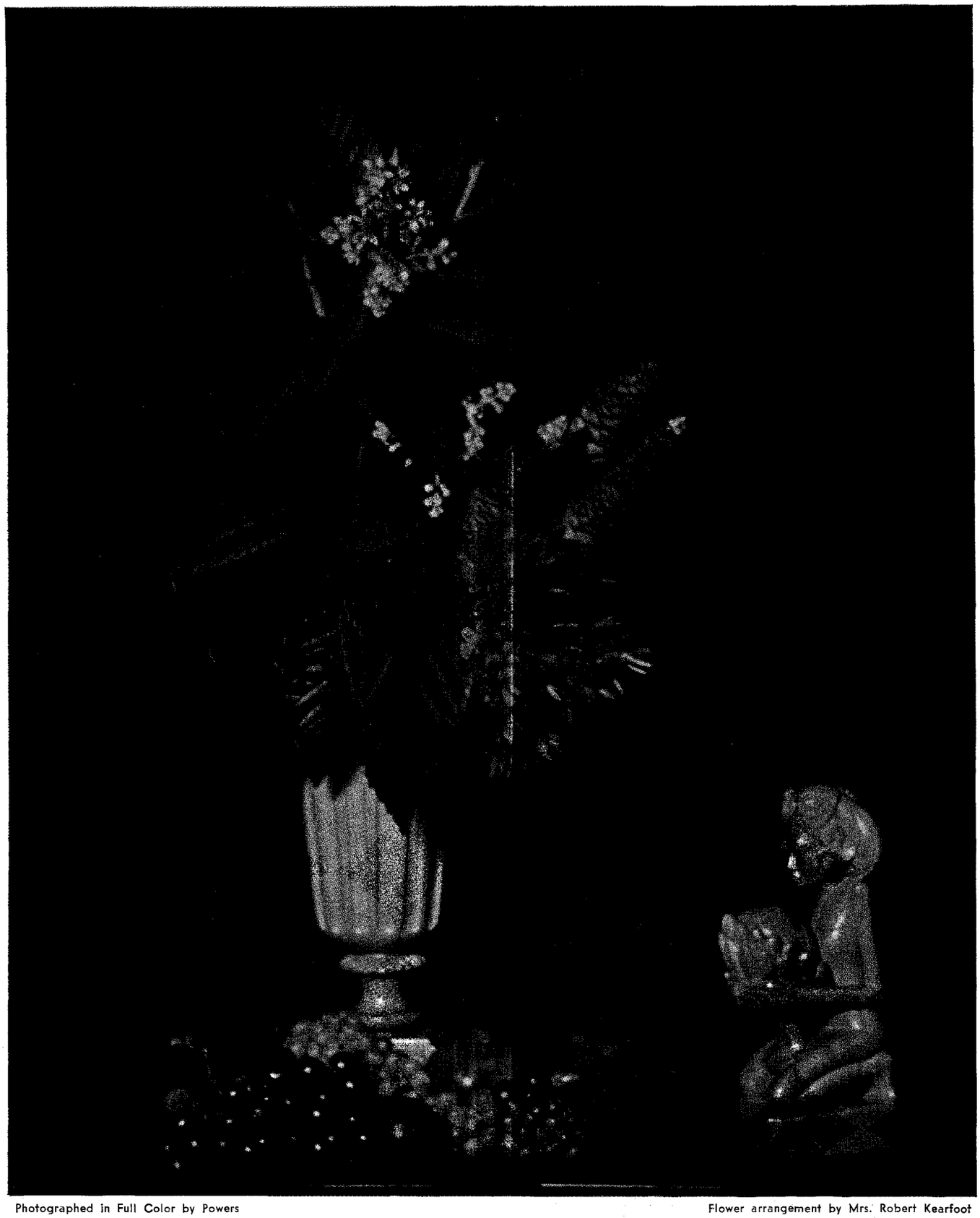

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Flower arrangement by Mrs. Robert Kearfoot

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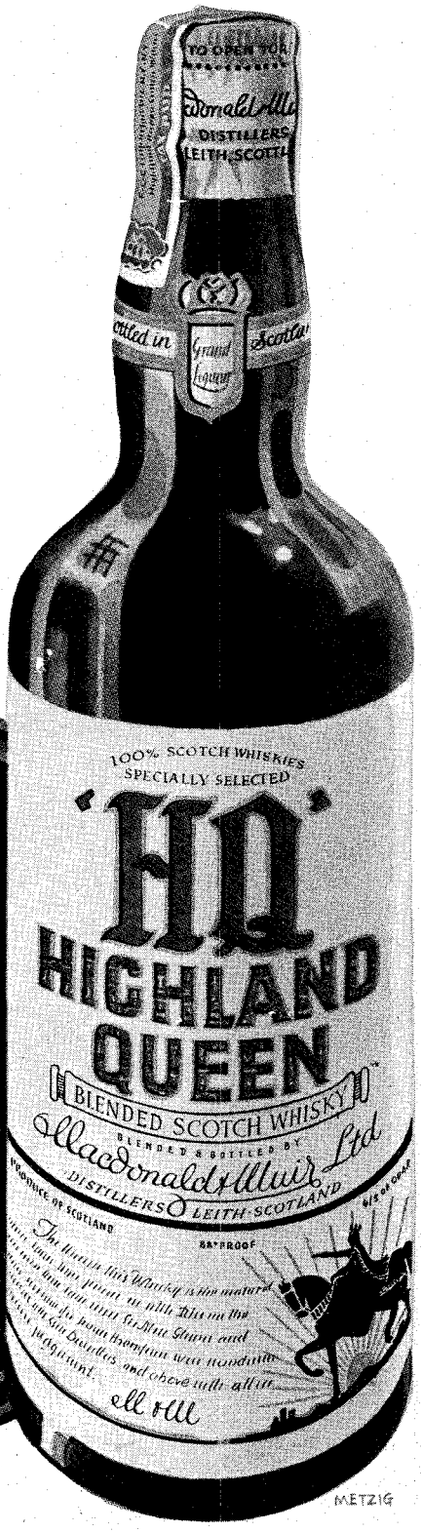


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